

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

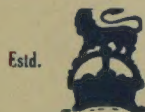


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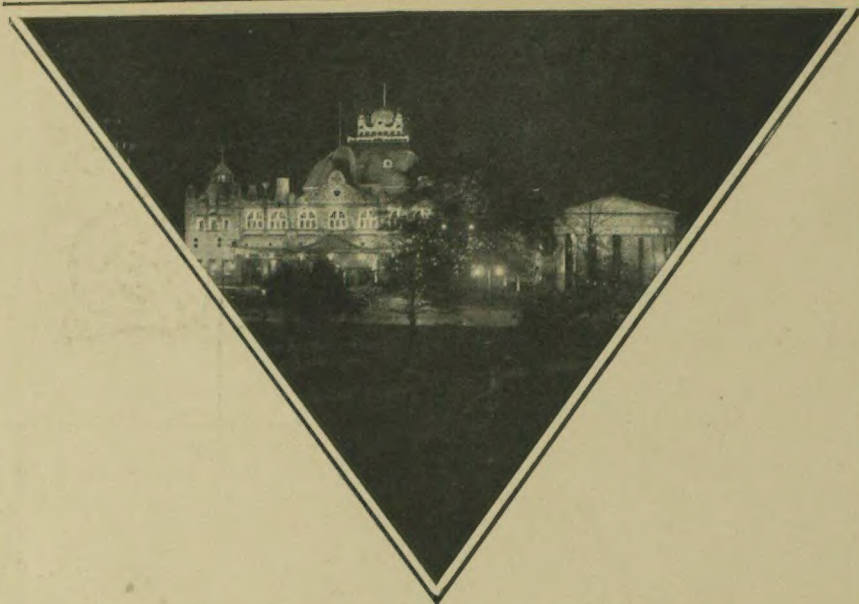
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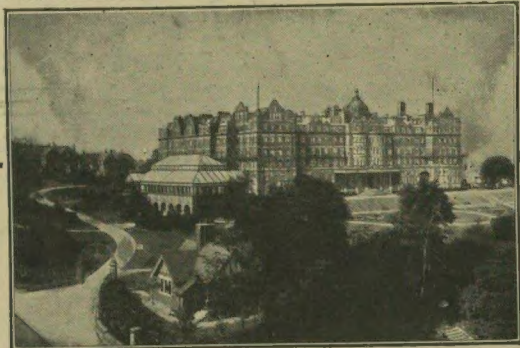
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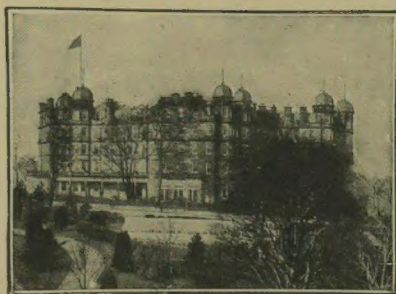
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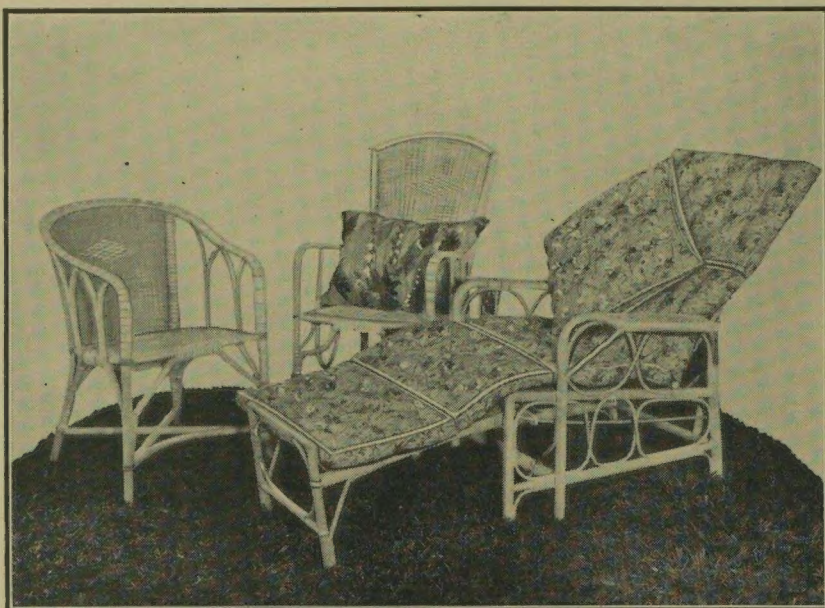


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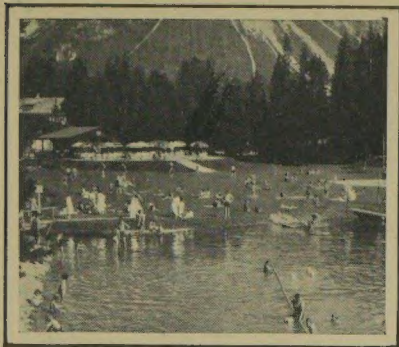
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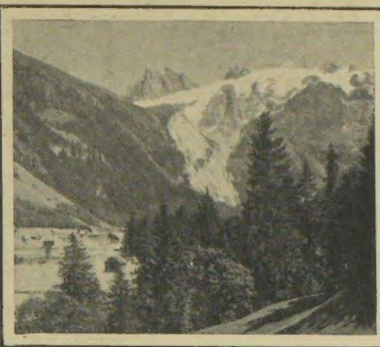
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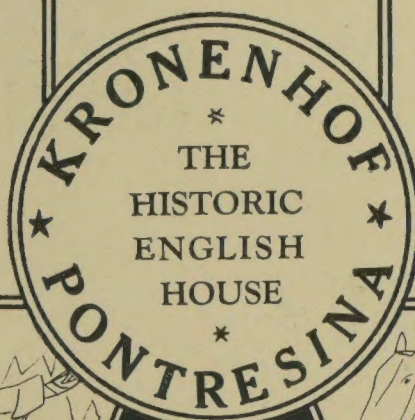
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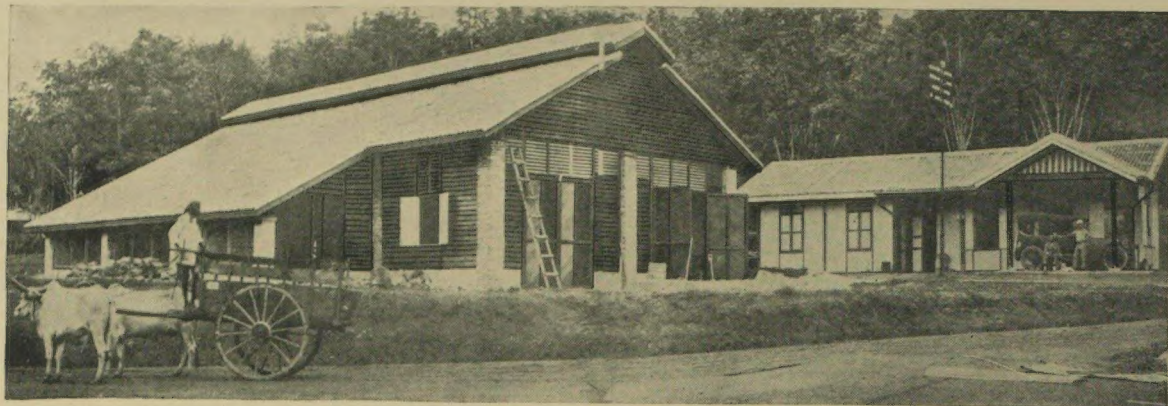
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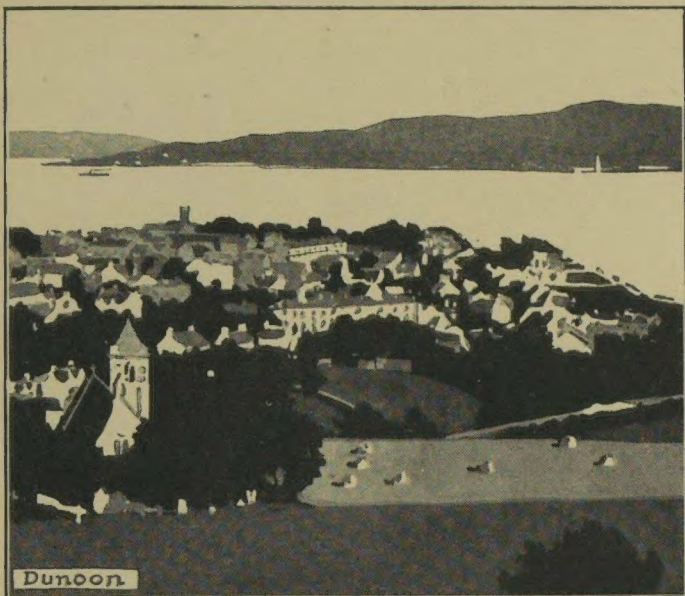
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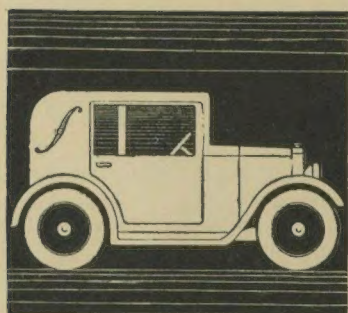
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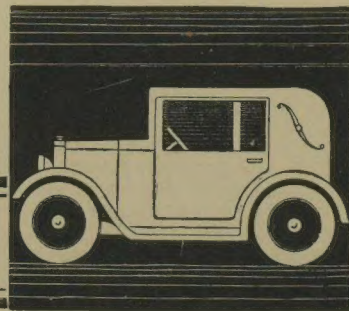
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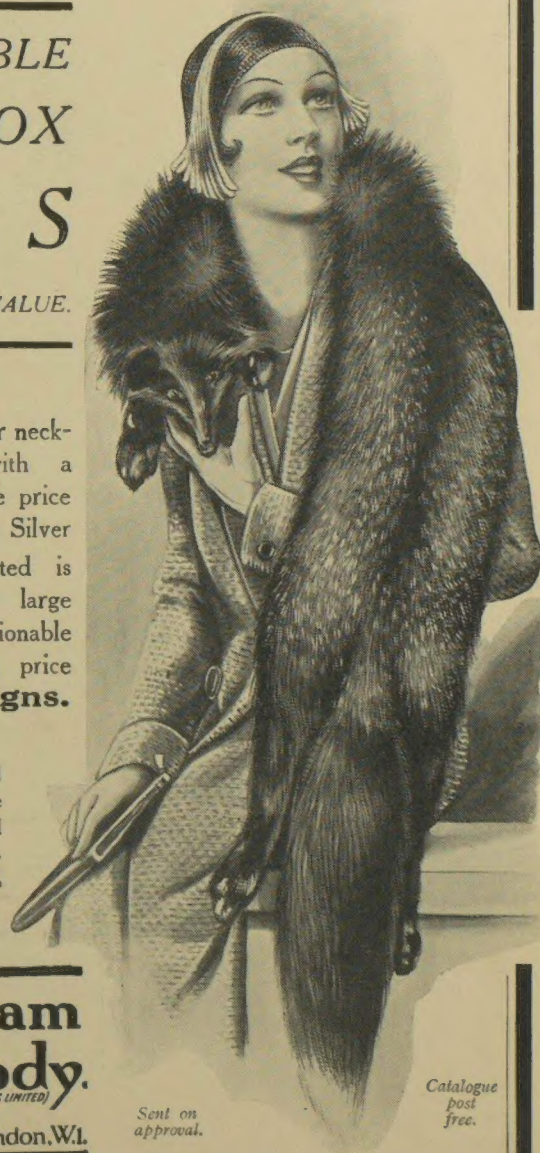
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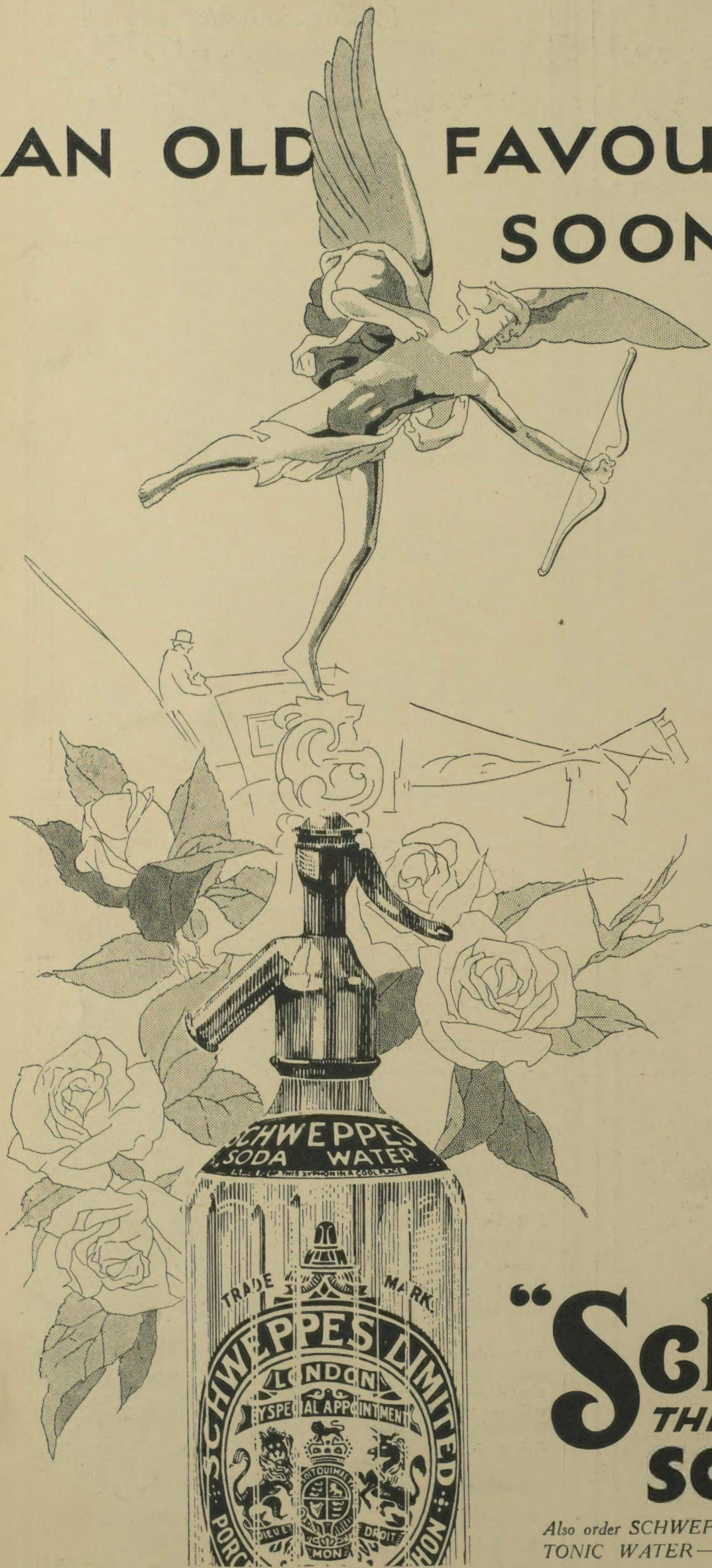
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1930.

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THE FIRST WOMAN PILOT TO FLY ALONE TO AUSTRALIA, AND THE ONLY WOMAN GROUND ENGINEER CERTIFICATED BY THE AIR MINISTRY: MISS AMY JOHNSON OVERHAULING HER GIPSY MOTH AEROPLANE.

The success of Miss Amy Johnson's magnificent solo flight from London to Australia was largely due, no doubt, to her expert technical skill. She is the only woman who holds an Air Ministry certificate as a ground engineer, and at each halt during her flight her first care was to overhaul her aeroplane. It is a standard Gipsy Moth machine, with one engine of 100 h.p. When she landed at Port Darwin on May 24 (Empire Day) she was accorded a great reception,

and received some 500 telegrams of congratulation, including those from the King, the Prime Minister, the Secretary for Air, and the Premier of Australia, who invited her to Canberra. She left Port Darwin on May 26 to resume her flight towards Sydney. Although she took twenty days to reach Australia, against Squadron-Leader Hinkler's 15½ days in 1928, she was two days ahead of his time as far as Rangoon, and made a record for a solo flight to India in six days.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WE all remember the story of that excess of aspiration, in the sense of the use of aspirates, which led somebody to say of somebody, "If you give him a Hinch, he'll take a Hell." Some recent extensions of social liberty have made the accident of the last word sound strangely like an omen. But what strikes me as even more curious is this: that there are some people who are perpetually demanding an ell, but cannot be persuaded to accept an inch. They demand certain forms of social liberty in the large, but refuse them in the small, and especially in the solid. They are like people who should furiously demand a hundred head of cattle, and then flee in terror at the first appearance of a cow. Or they are like a king who should claim to rule the waves and be afraid to have a well or a pond in his own garden. The little more, and how little it is; and how lightly they will take the larger responsibility! The little less, and what miles they will run in order to be worlds away!

are comparatively little; but we really do have a duty to the future generations. It is apparently the only duty that remains. While we are kicking our grandfather downstairs, we must take care to be very polite to our great-great-grandson, who is not yet present; and if a more enlightened ethic should ever justify us in painlessly poisoning our mother, it will be well to distract the attention by dreaming of some perfect Woman of the Future who may never need to be poisoned. These examples

It really does demand that a man and a woman should live largely for the next generation. It does demand that they should, to some extent, defer their personal amusements, such as divorce and dissipation, for the benefit of the next generation. And whenever we suggest that, a wail goes up about the wickedness and cruelty of depriving the poor dear parents of the innocent gaieties of divorce. How can a poor father get any real fun out of being divorced if his enjoyment

is to be dashed by a morbid memory of the existence of his own son? Nay, can we even be certain that the mother will keep up her high standard, of dancing all night and every night, if there is a new-born baby who (with curious taste) is crying for her all night long? When the problem of Posterity is presented in this practical form, poor old Posterity gets the knock pretty badly. The Present suddenly becomes much more important than the Future; and the rising generation is a mere drag on the risen generation, which intends to dance until it drops. In this case also, the new thinkers are only thinking of the general, and are afraid to think of the particular. Just as the Socialist must not confront a peasant with one concrete piece of land, so the Sociologist must not confront the parent with one concrete piece of Posterity. Otherwise the new parents will fly screaming, and in some cases adopt measures to ensure that there shall be next to no Posterity at all.



A GREAT ECCLESIASTICAL STATESMAN, NOW "ENTERED INTO THE LARGER LIFE":
THE LATE ARCHBISHOP LORD DAVIDSON, WITH LADY DAVIDSON.

The great Churchman who was Primate of England for twenty-five years died peacefully at his home in Chelsea, a few days ago, at the age of eighty-two. The following message, written by Lady Davidson, was pinned on the house door: "Archbishop Lord Davidson entered into the larger life this morning, Rogation Sunday, at 1.5 a.m. Thanks be to God for his life here, and there. May 25th, 1930." He was born in Edinburgh on April 7, 1848. In 1878 he married Edith, second daughter of Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury, to whom he was private chaplain and secretary. His later career may be briefly recorded thus—Dean of Windsor and Domestic Chaplain to Queen Victoria (1883-91); Bishop of Rochester (1891-5); Bishop of Winchester (1895-1903); and Archbishop of Canterbury (1903-28).

are quoted but lightly and from memory, but nobody will deny that current culture is in fact full of this notion of living for posterity. It is preached as a democratic doctrine in the democratic organs to which I have referred. But it is always the People as a whole that is to live for the Posterity as a whole.

But if we present precisely the same idea, in a present and practical form, it is called antiquated. Its practical form is called Marriage or the Family.

I grieve to say that I am not moved to a profound respect or admiration for this intellectual compromise. If the social idealist would take his inch, I might be ready to trust him with his ell. If he could trust a poor man with the care of a cow or a cottage, or a common or garden child, I might believe he was sincere in wishing to trust all poor men with the destiny of all cottages and cows. As it is, I suspect that he is not going to trust that destiny to a democracy of poor men, but to an official or oligarch appointed to organise the poor men. Similarly, if the new social philosophies fervently encouraged people to think more about domesticity and less about divorce, I might believe that they really were preferring the future generation to their own. As it is, I think they want to procure all possible pleasures and amusements for their own, including the mild amusement of prophesying some Utopia that can only come long after they are dead. If their novels and newspapers were less filled with the sublime spiritual liberation of eloping with the chauffeur, and more filled with the duty and dignity of remaining with the baby, I might admit that their faces are set towards the Future and their souls full of the song of A Good Time Coming. As it is, it seems to be an impatient and even pessimistic lyric about A Good Time Now.

I am not at all pharisaical about these weaknesses considered as weaknesses, but I am rather bored with the pretence that they are strong with the strength of vigilant Watchers for the Dawn. And I am increasingly tired of the whole tone of that inverted idealism which is terrified when told to make use of a single talent, but quite confident of its fitness to rule over ten cities. But I suspect, if I may describe the fashionable mood in terms of old-fashioned sentiment, that these people are only filling the Castle of Indolence with the Pleasures of Hope.

For instance, I read in any number of New Leaders and Labour Weeklies, and all sorts of papers supposed to be both progressive and popular, that the working-classes will now take over the government of the country; that the majority of manual workers will have their proper proportional right to rule in all matters of education and humanitarian reform; that the poor will at last inherit the earth. But if I say that one workman is capable of deciding about the education of one child, that he has the right to select a certain school or resist a certain system, I shall have all those progressive papers roaring at me as a rotten reactionary. Why the workman should be clever enough to vote a curriculum for everybody else's children, but not clever enough to choose one for his own children, I cannot for the life of me imagine. If I say that a decent costermonger is to be trusted with a donkey, or a decent rat-catcher with a dog, I shall be denounced as an obstacle to humanitarian legislation. But there is no objection to trusting a crowd of costermongers and rat-catchers to decide about the humanitarian legislation. And what is true of these particular cases of proprietorship is true of the whole case of property. When the meek inherit the earth, it must only mean that the mob inherits the earth. It must not mean that the man inherits even the smallest portion of the earth. The mob is meek enough, certainly, when it is thus herded to its pastures by its sociological and educational pastors. It does not really mean that the many sheep, but that the few shepherds, will rule over all the meadows. And when the nomadic shepherd finds himself confronted with the static or domestic peasant, with the man who is actually ruling his own small meadow like a realm, there is always a collision and a sort of civil war in the countryside. In any case, the original paradox remains: that it was regarded as a simple thing that all the meadows should belong to all the men, but a frantic and fantastic thing that any man should own any meadow.

But there is another case that is even more curious. In the works of Mr. Wells, and all the typical Utopias and futuristic world-systems of recent times, it is incessantly and impressively repeated that we must live for the Future; for the Young; for the Rising Generation or the Babe Unborn. The traditional obligations of the past are nothing, and even the temporary contracts and compromises of the present

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



OFFICIALLY WELCOMED ON THE SITE OF A PROPOSED MUNICIPAL AERODROME: THE PRINCE OF WALES, HAVING DISCARDED HIS FLYING KIT, IS GREETED BY THE LORD MAYOR OF CARDIFF, LORD PLYMOUTH, AND OTHERS, ON ARRIVING AT CARDIFF BY AIR FROM LONDON.

The Prince of Wales flew from London to Cardiff on May 21 to open the new physics and chemistry laboratories at the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, in Cathays Park. On reaching the Splott foreshore, which it is proposed to make the Cardiff Municipal Aerodrome, he alighted from his machine and took off his flying kit, to be welcomed by Lord Plymouth, who is



THE PRINCE AND SOME OF HIS ACADEMIC GUARD OF HONOUR: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES, AT THE OPENING OF THE TATEM CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL LABORATORIES OF THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE.

the Lord Lieutenant of Glamorgan, by the Lord Mayor of Cardiff, and by the Chief Constable. In his speech at the University College, the Prince recalled the fact that it was nearly nine years since he had been installed as Chancellor of the University of Wales. In the afternoon his Royal Highness witnessed a children's display in the Cardiff Arms Park. He flew back to Windsor.



AN EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT IN THE CRICKET FIELD: NOTTS PLAYERS FIELDING IN "MUFTI" AGAINST HAMPSHIRE—A. W. CARR BOWLING TO KENNEDY, IN ORDER THAT HAMPSHIRE MIGHT MAKE THE ONE RUN REQUIRED TO WIN.

When stumps were drawn in the Hampshire versus Notts match at Southampton on the evening of Thursday, May 22, Hampshire wanted one run to win. The match had been continued on the second day for the extra half-hour allowed by the laws of cricket, but, at the end of that time, play had to be suspended automatically. As a result, there happened on the following morning the extraordinary incident here illustrated. The Notts players took the field in their ordinary clothes, while Kennedy and Creese, of Hampshire, went to the wickets, wearing the

customary flannels. A. W. Carr bowled to Kennedy, and then sent down a second ball. At this, Kennedy hit out and the ball rolled to the boundary, unimpeded by the fielders. Thus, Hampshire made the one run necessary for the win. The episode meant that the Notts team, and the umpires, had to stay at Southampton for the night, in order to finish the match. It should be explained that had rain made play impossible during the third day Notts would have shared the points; and so the result of the County Championship might well have been affected.



ON A PRIVATE VISIT TO THE SPRING SHOW OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY ON THE DAY BEFORE IT WAS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN WALKING IN THE GARDENS OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.

On the afternoon before it opened, the King and Queen, who were accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester, visited the Spring Show of the Royal Horticultural Society in the Royal Hospital Gardens, Chelsea. They were much interested in the exhibits in the tents and the grounds.—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Miss Ishbel MacDonald flew from London to Edinburgh in an



MISS ISHBEL MACDONALD FLIES FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH WITH HER FATHER, THE PRIME MINISTER, TO STAY AT THE PALACE OF HOLYROOD HOUSE: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER ABOUT TO START ON THEIR JOURNEY.

Imperial Airways liner, with ten other passengers, on May 23. At Manchester, the aeroplane landed at the Municipal Aerodrome and the Prime Minister was given a civic reception. The final landing was made at the Turnhouse Aerodrome, Edinburgh, at half-past three in the afternoon, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his daughter motored to the Palace of Holyrood House.

ON SHOW AFLOAT AND ASHORE: PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY ROYALTIES.

AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE KODAK EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHERS.



BY PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT: "GEISHA DANCE AT NAGOYA."



BY PRINCE ARTHUR: "IN BARON FUJITA'S GARDEN AT OSAKA."



BY PRINCE ARTHUR: "BLASTING OPERATIONS IN THE PREMIER DIAMOND MINE, SOUTH AFRICA."



BY PRINCESS ARTHUR: "PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT WITH TIGER SHOT BY HIM. (GWALIOR.)"



BY PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT: "THE EARL OF MACDUFF."



BY PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT: "MY HUNTING DOG."

We reproduce here and on the opposite page characteristic examples from a most remarkable collection of snapshots by royal photographers which is being shown ashore and afloat for the benefit of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London and the voluntary hospitals. The world-wide exhibition of the pictures—the Kodak Exhibition of Pictures by Royal Photographers, to give the official title—was inaugurated at Southampton on May 23 by Lord Luke, immediately before the first of the

sea-going exhibitions left this country for New York in the Cunard liner "Berengaria," to be thrown open to the American public on the arrival of that vessel in the United States. Simultaneously (on May 31), the first British exhibition of prints from the same negatives will be opened at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 5a, Pall Mall. Similar collections are to be on view in the provinces, the Dominions, and foreign countries.

BY THE DUKE OF YORK AND BY PRINCESS MARY: ROYAL SNAPSHOTS.

—AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE KODAK EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHERS.



BY THE DUKE OF YORK: "GLAMIS"—THE DUCHESS'S ANCESTRAL HOME.



BY THE DUKE OF YORK: "HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN."



BY PRINCESS MARY: "TEMPLE OF ABU LEBONA ON THE NILE."



BY THE DUKE OF YORK: "PRINCESS ELIZABETH."

The collection of pictures by royal photographers comprises snapshots not only by our own Royal Family, including the late Queen Alexandra, but by the Queen of Denmark, the Queen of the Belgians, Prince Gustave of Denmark, Princess Helena of Denmark, and the Duchess of Aosta. Unquestionably, the very excellent cause for which the Exhibition has been inaugurated will benefit largely, and in this connection it should be noted that hospital authorities are invited to apply for the loan of the Exhibition—through the Lord

Mayor or Mayor of their particular district—and should write to The Organiser, Exhibition of Pictures by Royal Photographers, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Such Exhibitions will be lent free of charge. Here, also, it should be mentioned that a souvenir catalogue containing a selection of the royal pictures has been prepared; and there is to be on sale a leather-bound souvenir album which has over sixty reproductions in photogravure and may be regarded as an abridged home-edition of the Exhibition. The price of this is one guinea.

FROM CAVE TO CATACOMB.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"ANCIENT PAINTING": By MARY HAMILTON SWINDLER.*

(PUBLISHED BY THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.)

AT the end of the preface to Miss Swindler's survey of Ancient Painting the reader will find an apology: "To those who wish to have the book different, we can only say, in the words of Apollodoros: 'It is easier to criticise than to imitate.'"

In the case of this book, criticism is difficult and imitation impossible. It is a monumental work, the last word (if so many thousands of words can be counted as one) on its subject. The list of its 640 smaller and sixteen greater illustrations occupies twenty-eight pages; the bibliography, thirty-seven. It took its author fifteen years to write, and must have involved hardships, for she mentions summers spent "in the Caves of France and the Museums of Europe." Its survey covers thousands of years, from the first stirrings of the artistic impulse in the Palaeolithic Age to Roman painting in the Christian Era. It follows the development of the art chronologically, as successive civilisations—Egyptian, Oriental, Cretan, Greek, Etruscan, Pompeian, Græco-Roman, Roman—contributed to it. "The book is designed primarily," Miss Swindler says, "for students of Classical Archaeology and for students of Art in general. The survey of ancient civilisations which is presented will also, we believe, prove useful to students of History. Last of all it is hoped that it may interest the general reader, and that he may find in the pages which follow something of the achievement of the painter in ancient times and of his influence on the art of later ages."

Miss Swindler's method is a straightforward one—at least, it appears straightforward to the reader, just as a road cut through the forest by someone else appears straightforward to the traveller. She selects from the civilisation under discussion certain typical pictures, describes their subject and explains their context, assigns them a position in contemporary art, and every now and then, by referring them to some æsthetic principle or generalisation, links them up with the art of all time. If one imagines the paintings of the Prehistoric and the Ancient Worlds grouped together in one vast exhibition, Miss Swindler's book would serve as a catalogue or a handbook to it. But it is much more than that, for the briefest of Miss Swindler's descriptions has comparative and historical implications; and, although she permits herself no purple passages, and very few digressions, she tempers her erudition with humour. Her information, though copious and exact, is never raw; she never makes us feel, as some specialists do, that the garden she is cultivating so assiduously has no outlook upon other fields of knowledge. Of "the best copy of a work of the Pergamene School which we possess to-day," she observes: "The figures are of heroic mould. At the left Arcadia—a powerful personification of the locality—is enthroned. She is as mighty as the rocks on which she sits." A glance at the reproduction shows how apt is her adaptation of Walter Pater.

The book, in spite of its vast bulk, is so carefully selected and so ruthlessly compressed that to pick out salient points is far from easy. The earliest art, Miss Swindler says, was "magical" in origin; it was an extension of the hunting instinct. The artist thought that by making a representation of an animal he could attract it and make it his prey; he obtained a "magical hold" over it. Southern France and Northern Spain are the best centres for primitive painting. It is a curious fact that, although prehistoric man was extraordinarily skilful in portraying animals, his efforts to draw a man were ineffective and childish. "Perfection in the rendering of animal forms is in direct proportion to the simplicity of their construction, that is, to the ease with which they are committed to memory." "The hunter did not need to observe the human form. . . . When he ceased to follow the chase, he lost his skill in drawing animals."

Egyptian art was, also, influenced by magic, "the main reason for its existence being the cult of the dead and the necessity to provide for the life beyond." The conventionality that characterised Egyptian art was broken down by Amenhotep IV., "one of the first individuals in history" who tried to replace the ancient religion of Egypt by the worship of the sun, and insisted upon the importance of "truth," with the result that painters set greater store by the evidence of the eye, and their art, as a consequence, became more representational. It was always, in spite of some tentative efforts to give the effect of perspective, two-dimensional. The Egyptian painter was lavish in the use of colour, "but he did not employ it as the modern painter so often does, to gain illusionistic effects; he used colour mainly to satisfy his taste for polychromy. . . . Such work can hardly be called painting in our sense of the word; it is rather illumination."

Perhaps the first race to produce spontaneous works of art "for the sheer joy of expressing the beauty which they felt in their restless, active lives" were the Cretans. But Cretan art was very limited, especially in its representation of the human figure, which was treated always in one of two ways. Either the entire figure was drawn in profile, or "the head was drawn in profile, the chest in front view, and the legs in profile, as so often in Egypt." Men were coloured red and women white. "Perhaps the greatest contribution of Cretan Mycenaean art to later times was a feeling for landscape and the sea, and a love of nature naturalistically rendered. The treatment of spatial depth as found in their art may have had its influence on later times." Added to these was "a pronounced taste for polychromy."

The student of Greek wall-painting is confronted at the outset by an almost insuperable difficulty. Like the

painters began to tire of traditional types, to observe Nature more directly, and to give play to the expression of their own individual ideas. Whether vase-painters profited in the long run by the influence of wall-painters and their realistic tendencies is debatable. The experiments with perspective that came after the Polygnotean age led to loss of simplicity in design; the vases were overcrowded with figures, and the figures themselves were more complicated and ingenious than beautiful. After 420 B.C. there is a falling-off in vigour and strength of line. "The Greek vase-painter was at his best when he remembered the canons of his art and adhered to flat composition and decorative demands."

The first great master of Greek wall-painting was Polygnotos, "who lifted painting above the plane of coloured drawing." His art had a high moral tone which won the approval of Euripides, and was completely absent from the work of his successor, Zeuxis. Pausanias has left detailed accounts of some of Polygnotos's pictures; strange compositions "based on a formal system of levels, with concentric groups arranged in careful symmetry, the figures being bound together by various ties such as love, friendship, and common destiny." In method they must have had some resemblance to Frith's "Derby Day," except that Polygnotos had not mastered perspective, and arranged his groups on a principle that appealed rather to the mind than to the eye. The reconstruction of his "Sack of Troy" is like a story told in a series of scenes, none of which dominates the others or gathers them into a unity.

Apollodoros brought to perfection the experiments in perspective made by the scene-painter Agatharchos, and with him the era of the individual artist begins. He was a realist, called by his contemporaries a "shadow master," because his work involved "illusionism and optical deception" which the Greeks, naturally inclined to identify art with ethics, considered morally unjustifiable. But his innovations carried the day, and were further developed by Zeuxis and Parrhasios. Zeuxis was a realist above all things. He painted a picture of a boy carrying grapes, in which the grapes were so life-like that birds came and pecked at them. Many artists would have been content with such a tribute to their powers of attaining verisimilitude; but Zeuxis was not. He thought that if he had painted the boy more graphically, the birds would have been afraid to come near.

Parrhasios, his contemporary, was a vain, eccentric man, given, like many of his kind, to *épater le bourgeois*, but a very skilful technician who could draw figures in such a way "that they appeared to fold back and express what was behind." He called himself "the friend of pleasure"; "lived luxuriously, wore a purple robe, a golden crown, and sandals with golden latches"; and when he signed his pictures he would add an inscription complimentary to himself: "Parrhasios, a friend of pleasure but one who respects virtue, painted this picture; son of brilliant Ephesus, a legitimate son of Euenor, the first of the Greeks in my art."

Miss Swindler recognises the technical excellence of Zeuxis and Parrhasios, but considers their work inferior in content to that of Polygnotos. "They chose the dramatic situation, the pathetic and the exotic subject-matter rather than the lofty and sublime themes which had characterised the artists of the 'sixties. . . . By the close of the fifth century, painters had in some measure begun to understand perspective and chiaroscuro. They had not, however, shown any interest in atmospheric effects, landscape *per se*, or rich colouring. They had emancipated painting from drawing."

In the time of Alexander the Ionian, Apelles brought Greek painting to its highest point of development. We know what his subjects were and we have descriptions of his pictures: Lucian's account of his "Calumny" inspired the picture on that theme by Botticelli. But the written word gives little indication as to the secret of his greatness, so liberally and enthusiastically affirmed by Antiquity. Even Miss Swindler can do little to re-create the effect of his work. "He must have been a master of perfect design and marvellous modelling." "He probably employed chiaroscuro much in the manner of Rembrandt." "Pliny says that he was" (like his predecessors) "a four-colour painter: there is little doubt, however, that he did not always limit himself to such a narrow palette. His works were executed on panels in the tempera technique. He employed a dark transparent glaze over his paintings, the secret of which is his own. This lent depth and sobriety to his colours. . . ." Information interesting enough in itself; but where is it gone, the splendour and the dream? "Words are weak the glory they transmute with fitting truth to speak."

If Miss Swindler fails, it is only in realms where success is not to be had. Her book is a marvel both of evocation and of exposition, a high-road into knowledge; and its price, considering the standard of printing and production, is extremely moderate.

L. P. H.



ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING PORTRAITS OF ANTIQUITY:

"HERMIONE, READER IN THE CLASSICS."

"Hermione was a teacher in Egypt in the second century A.D., and was probably one of the earliest women who taught the classics. . . . The portrait is on linen and makes much use of yellow for the flesh, tinged with a rose colouring, which is deepened around the mouth and about the eyes. The hair is brown. The reddish lids give to the eyes a heavy, tired look." It is in the Library of Girton College, Cambridge.

After the Coloured Reproduction in "Ancient Painting," by Courtesy of the Publishers: (London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press; New Haven: Yale University Press.)

Spanish fleet, you cannot see it because it is not in sight. Of the works of Polygnotos, Zeuxis, and Apelles, not a trace remains. We can obtain some notion of what they were like from copies made by contemporary vase-painters and, in later times, by "journeymen artisans" of Pompeii. Descriptions of them have come down to us from classical writers—Lucian, Pliny, Plutarch, Petronius. But what they were, and what were the qualities in them that commanded the universal admiration of the ancient world, we can never know.

Pliny attributes the invention of painting to Corinth or Sikyon, and the first "real name" in painting is that of Kimon, who flourished at Kleonai, near Corinth, about 500 B.C. "He varied the archaic stiffness of the face, causing the figures to look back, up or down. He marked the joints and emphasised the veins, and put in wrinkles and folds in the drapery." His influence was immediately felt on the kindred art of vase-painting, which reached perhaps the highest point of its development in the beginning of the fifth century. Mr. J. D. Beazley says of Epiktetos (520-475? B.C.): "You cannot draw better, you can only draw differently." After the time of Kimon, vase-

* "Ancient Painting. From the Earliest Times to the Period of Christian Art." By Mary Hamilton Swindler, Ph.D. (New Haven: Yale University Press, London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press; 25s. net.)

ALDERSHOT TATTOO PAGEANTRY: DETTINGEN REFOUGHT; QUEEN ELIZABETH'S "ARMADA" REVIEW.



BRITISH TROOPS OF TO-DAY IN THE UNIFORMS OF 1588: PIKEMEN REVIEWED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH AT TILBURY ON THE APPROACH OF THE ARMADA.



WITH "TILBURY FORT" IN THE BACKGROUND: BRITISH TROOPS REPRESENTING SOLDIERS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH CHEERING THEIR SOVEREIGN IN THE ARMADA EPISODE.



IN THEIR PICTURESQUE ELIZABETHAN UNIFORM: TRUMPETERS SOUNDING A FANFARE DURING THE REVIEW BY QUEEN "BESS" AT TILBURY FORT.



SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ARTILLERY AS REPRESENTED IN THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO: A FRENCH GUN "IN ACTION" AT THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CAVALRY AS REPRESENTED IN THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO: A MOUNTED REGIMENT IN THE UNIFORMS OF 1768.



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY INFANTRY FIGHT AT CLOSE QUARTERS AS ENACTED IN THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO: THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN (ON JUNE 27, 1743)
—THE ENGLISH TROOPS (ON THE LEFT) UNDER GEORGE II. REPELLING AN ATTACK BY THE FORCES OF MARSHAL NOAILLES.

It is fully expected that the Aldershot Searchlight Tattoo, to be held in the Rushmore arena during Ascot Week, from June 17 to 21, will surpass its predecessors in spectacular interest. Advanced bookings before the end of last year exceeded £6000, and it was arranged to build new stands providing 10,000 additional seats under cover. Some 5000 troops are taking part in the various items, which include cavalry evolutions, musical interludes, physical drill, torchlight displays,

and a final grand parade. The chief historical episodes are: (1) The origin of the Coldstream Guards (the only regiment lineally descended from one of Cromwell's), in 1660, when it became a regiment of the King's Guard; (2) The Battle of Dettingen, with George II. leading the English against the army of Marshal Noailles; and (3) Queen Elizabeth reviewing her troops at Tilbury Fort, with beacons heralding the approach of the Armada. Our photographs show a rehearsal.

NOTABLE ITEMS OF HOME NEWS: RECENT EVENTS IN EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland held in Edinburgh, on May 20, its first business meeting since the formal Act of Union, between the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church. The King was represented by the Lord High Commissioner, Mr. James Brown, M.P., an ex-miner from Ayrshire, who wore the scarlet uniform of a Lord Lieutenant and carried out the duties of his office with dignity. Before the Assembly he held a Levée at the Palace of Holyrood House. Then followed the Commissioner's procession. Our photograph shows (from left to right)—seated: Miss Peggie Brown; Miss Inch (Maid of Honour); Hon. Victoria Bruce (Maid of Honour); the Lord High Commissioner; Mrs. James Brown; the Marchioness of Ailsa (Lady-in-Waiting); Lady Flora Poore; and Miss Wallace Williamson. Standing—the Mace-Bearer; The Marquess of Clydesdale; Mr. J. C. Cooper, M.V.O. (Purse-Bearer); Capt. Stevenson (Assistant Purse-Bearer); Capt. Fairfax-Lucy (A.D.C.); the Rev. George A. Johnston (Chaplain); and Mr. John Brown.



CHURCH OF SCOTLAND CEREMONIES IN EDINBURGH: A GROUP INCLUDING THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER, MR. JAMES BROWN, M.P. (FOURTH FROM LEFT, SEATED), THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE, AND HIS WIFE (NEXT TO RIGHT).



EMPIRE DAY PAGEANTRY IN HYDE PARK: PERFORMERS REPRESENTING A CRUSADER AND "THE SPIRIT OF THE EMPIRE"; AND A GROUP—WITH KANGAROO EMBLEMS.

Empire Day (May 24) was celebrated in Hyde Park by two distinct gatherings. Besides the parade and march-past, before Prince George, of naval and military cadets and other organisations including the Ypres League, Legion of Frontiersmen, and "Old Contemptibles," there was also held, earlier in the afternoon, an Empire Day Festival, organised by the "Daily Express," which



BEARING BUFFALO EMBLEMS: A CONTINGENT IN A GREAT PROCESSION MARCHING PAST DURING THE EMPIRE DAY FESTIVAL IN HYDE PARK.

included community singing, a service conducted by the Bishop of London, and a picturesque pageant. It is this latter occasion which our photographs illustrate. The pageant consisted of a long procession in costume symbolical of all parts of the British Empire. Many of the participants carried emblems, such as kangaroos, buffaloes, giraffes, elephants, emus, harps, thistles, lions, and sheep.



A BABY BABOON RECENTLY BORN AT THE "ZOO": AN INTERESTING FAMILY GROUP ON MONKEY HILL, WITH AN OLD BABOON (LEFT) KEEPING GUARD.

Several interesting events have taken place recently at the "Zoo." The new births include, besides the young baboon and pigmy hippopotamus here illustrated, two "Bush babies" (a species of lemur from tropical Africa) born in the Small Mammal House. The calf of the pigmy hippopotamus, which arrived on May 11, is the first ever born in the Gardens, although the large

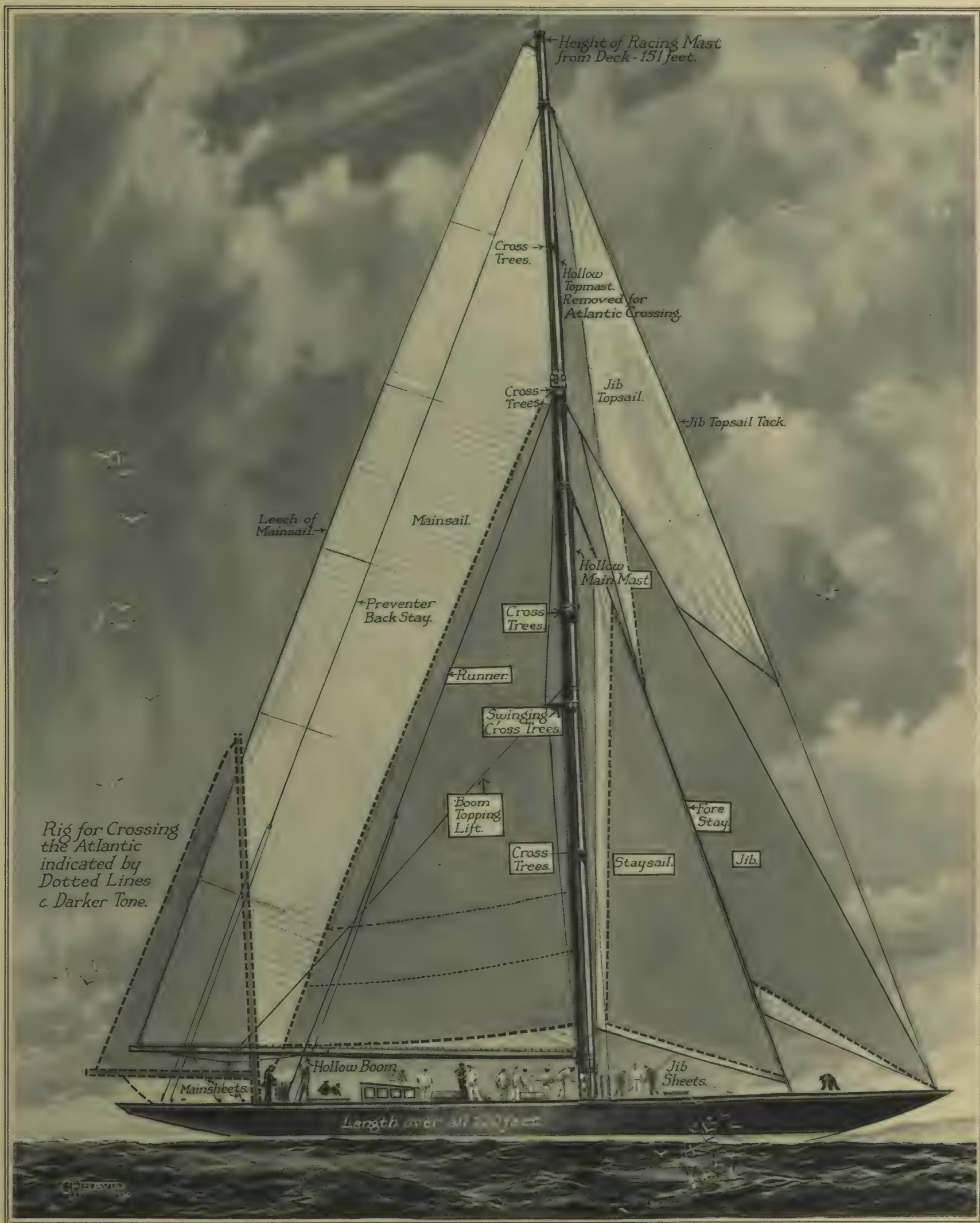


A BABY PIGMY HIPPOPOTAMUS RECENTLY BORN AT THE "ZOO": "MAY" (NAMED AFTER THE MONTH OF HER BIRTH) AND HER MOTHER, "JOAN."

"hippos" have bred and reared their young there several times. When it was a fortnight old the calf was reported to be thriving, and had learnt to swim and dive with great facility. The mother was presented by the Zoological Society of New York last year as a gift in honour of the centenary of the London "Zoo." The father was purchased several years ago.

"SHAMROCK V." IN RACING AND "TRANSATLANTIC" RIG: A CONTRAST.

DRAWN (TO SCALE) BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE BUILDERS, MESSRS. CAMPER AND NICHOLSON, LTD., GOSPORT. (COPYRIGHTED.)



BERMUDA-RIGGED FOR RACING, WITH MAST HIGHER THAN THE NELSON COLUMN; YAWL-RIGGED (WITHIN DOTTED LINES) FOR CROSSING THE ATLANTIC: SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S NEW CHALLENGER YACHT FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Charles Nicholson, the designer of the new "Shamrock," we are enabled to show the new challenger for the America's Cup correctly drawn to scale, and the drawing brings out in a remarkable way the great height of the new yacht's hollow stream-lined mast, which towers no less than 151 feet from the deck, and has another 10 ft. 6 in. inside the boat. It will be observed that "Shamrock V." dispenses with the bowsprit, a feature of every other large yacht previously built in this country, and the hollow boom of the mainsail, it will be noted, does not overhang the yacht's counter, so that her

overall length of 120 feet is that of her beautifully-designed hull. Her sail area is approximately 7500 square feet, and as she is Bermuda-rigged, her great mainsail is all in one piece. By the rules of the contest the yacht must proceed across the Atlantic under her own sail, and we have indicated by dotted lines and darker shading how her topmast will be removed and she will be yawl-rigged and fitted with special sails for her ocean voyage. If she stood in Trafalgar Square, the top of her mast would be several feet higher than the Nelson Column. Elsewhere in this number is a double-page illustrating novel features of "Shamrock V."

INNOVATIONS IN "SHAMROCK V": SPECIAL FEATURES

FROM SKETCHES MADE ON BOARD BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, BY COURTESY

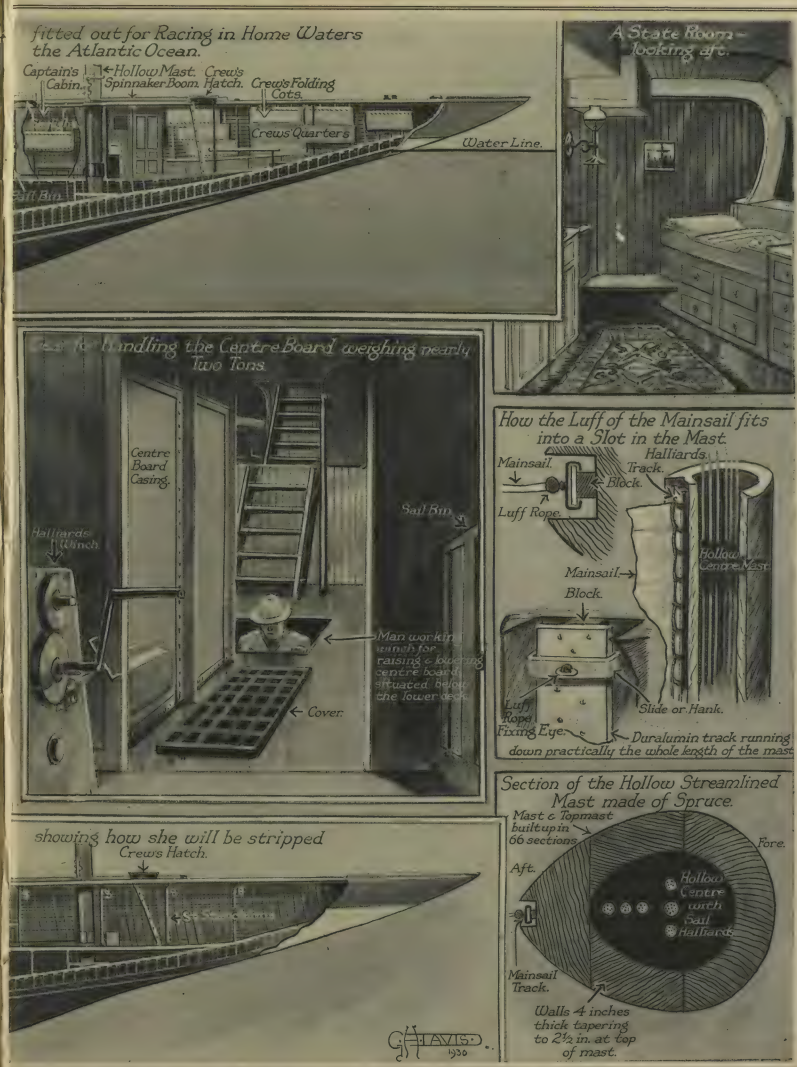


"SHAMROCK V" SHOWN IN SECTION, FOR HOME RACING OR CROSSING THE

The latest "Shamrock" has many new and interesting features. Besides those mentioned under the drawing of her sail plan on page 975, we show above clearer details of her interior economy, mostly designed for use in home racing and for the Atlantic crossing, and we also show how the interior will be stripped of all superfluous gear (including all the living quarters) for the actual Cup races in American waters. Her 16 ft. 6-inch hollow mast is of spruce built up in sections, the lower portion consisting of fifty pieces of wood, and the topmast being in sixteen sections, and correctly stream-lined. Down the hollow centre are carried the steel halliards of the mainsail, jib-topmast, and spinnaker. Further, it will be noticed that the halliards of the mainsail and jib emerge from the mast below deck, and are hoisted and lowered by means of a winch right inside the boat. This interesting innovation obviates the use of a large crew and prevents a "litter" of rope on the upper deck. The halliards of the jib-topmast and spinnaker emerge past sheaves in the mast above the deck. The men are seen at the winch with the handles in position for hoisting and lowering the mainsail; the handle is placed in the lowest gear position for tightening up the sail when fully hoisted. Another interesting feature is

INCLUDING NEW WINCH METHOD OF HOISTING SAIL.

OF MESSRS. CAMPER AND NICHOLSON, LTD., THE BUILDERS OF THE YACHT.



ATLANTIC, AND "STRIPPED" FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP: AND TECHNICAL DETAILS.

the centre-board, the first of its kind fitted to a large British yacht. It is raised and lowered by a winch fixed low down in the boat and reached through a hatch in the lower deck. The method of attaching the mainsail to the mast is another new feature. A duralumin track is fixed in a recess in the after side of the stream-lined mast, and upon this slide numerous "hanks" fastened to the luff-rope of the sail. Thus the gap between sail and mast is avoided. A similar device is used along the boom, but here the track is not slotted into the boom. A companion-hatch and skylights are fitted for use in this country and for the Atlantic crossing, but during the Cup races in America all these fittings will be removed to clear the upper deck. The hull is painted Irish green with a white water-line and a line of gold at the upper-deck level. The workmanship is of the best, and, unlike previous Cup challengers, the new "Shamrock" is no mere freak racing machine, but a really beautiful yacht that has already proved her worth in races. She is planked with specially selected mahogany, 2 inches thick; her frames are of steel and her decks of pine. She carries a crew of 22 men, viz., one captain, one first mate, one second mate, cook, steward, and seventeen seamen.

THE CLOU OF THE "ART IN THE DARK AGES" EXHIBITION:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF



1. WORN BY A LOMBARD CHIEFTAIN ABOUT 1300 YEARS AGO: A SET OF NINE GOLD PLATES FROM A BELT, IN FOUR PATTERNS BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED, INCLUDING A PAIR (MIDDLE, TOP AND BOTTOM) WITH CENTRAL CABOCHON (? GARNET) IN A PANEL OF RED ENAMEL.



2. TWO GOLD-MOUNTED DAGGERS: THE SMALLER ONE (LEFT) 12.4 IN. LONG, WITH AN OBLONG PLATE BELOW THE SCABBARD MOUTH RIVETED TO A SHAPED WING; THE LARGER (RIGHT) 15.1 IN. LONG, WITH A RECTANGULAR GOLD CASING IN EMBOSSED PANELS.



3. A GOLD-MOUNTED HELMET OF IRON, WITH BROAD GOLD CROSS-BANDS (HAVING A PANEL OF RED CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL ATTACHED TO EACH), NARROWER BANDS ACROSS THE OPENINGS, AND A GOLD BAND ROUND THE EDGE WITH EIGHT SIMILAR PANELS.



4. SURMOUNTED BY A TRISKELE—A SOLAR SYMBOL, ALLIED TO THE SWASTIKA. A HEMI-SPHERICAL GOLD SHIELD-BOSS, WITH FIVE GOLD RIVETS FOR ATTACHING IT TO THE SHIELD AND NINE RIVETS FROM THE SHIELD'S EDGE.

"TREASURE FROM A LOMBARD CHIEFTAIN'S GRAVE" (C. 600 A.D.)

MESSRS. DURLACHER BROTHERS.



5. A GOLD MOUNT OF A HORSE-COLLAR (ABOVE), 12.4 IN. LONG, EMBOSSED IN CURVED PANELS SEPARATED BY PLAIN BANDS, WITH ANIMAL-HEAD TERMINALS, AND TWO COMPLETE ANIMALS IN THE UPPER PANELS; (BELOW) A PAIR OF GOLD HORSE-TRAPPINGS.



6. ITEMS OF A SIXTH-CENTURY LOMBARD CHIEFTAIN'S ARMOUR: (LEFT) A HEAVY GOLD SPUR (7 1/2 IN. LONG); (RIGHT) A GOLD BUCKLE, WITH BIRD AND ANIMAL DESIGNS AND A JEWELLED PLATE.



7. WEAPONS OF A LOMBARD CHIEF ABOUT 600 A.D.: (LEFT) AN IRON SPEAR-HEAD WITH GOLD BASE; (RIGHT) A GOLD-MOUNTED SWORD, OF IRON WITH HEAVY GOLD POMMEL, OF "RING" TYPE (24 IN. LONG).



8. WITH A DETAILED COURT SCENE (EMBOSSED ON THE POINTED CENTRE-PIECE) THAT MAY HELP TO IDENTIFY THE ORIGINAL OWNER OF THE PANOPLY: A WONDERFUL GOLD COLLAR OF HINGED OBLONG PLATES; AND (IN THE MIDDLE) A GOLD-FOIL CROSS TO BE SEWN ON A GARMENT.

In the Exhibition of Art in the Dark Ages in Europe (c. 400-1000 A.D.) recently opened at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, the most striking exhibit is the "Treasure from a Lombard Chieftain's Grave," of about 600 A.D., lent by Messrs. Durlacher Brothers, of London, by whose courtesy we here illustrate the various items, all of gold. In a volume describing them we read: "The tomb of Attila, King of the Huns, may surpass it when found; but this Lombard treasure stands comparison with that discovered at Tournay in Belgium, in the tomb of the Frankish King Childeric, who died in 481. The scene embossed on the collar (Illustration No. 8) may inspire some antiquary to identify the original owner of this panoply, and thus date to a year several works of art that show the Lombards at their best, and have an important bearing on the archaeology of Europe in the Dark Ages." Illustration No. 1 shows nine gold plates from a belt, in four different patterns. From detailed notes on the other objects, we give the following extracts: "(2) The gold-mounted dagger (right) has its pommel covered with gold. . . Just below the mouth of the scabbard is a rectangular gold casing with panels, within a border of red enamel. Fastened by four gold pins to one side is a movable curved plate of gold. Midway along the blade is another pair of gold plates. On the left is a smaller gold-mounted dagger, of the same type. . . The double plate below the scabbard mouth is oblong, the front embossed with a saltire. Attached by three rivets to this plate is a shaped wing, for attachment to the belt. (3) Gold-mounted helmet of iron. Two broad cross-bands are embossed with zigzag lines. Attached to each gold cross-band is an oblong panel of red cloisonné enamel. Eight similar enamel panels are attached to

the broad gold band round the edge. Two narrower gold bands cross each of the four openings. (4) Gold shield-boss, hemispherical. On the summit an applied triskele with each arm ending in a bird's head. A similar device was found at Castel Trovino, near Ascoli. The motive can be traced to South Russia, where the Goths took it over from the Scythians: it is allied to the swastika, a solar symbol of wide distribution. (5) Above is a gold mount of a horse-collar. A similar mount from Castel Trovino is described as rather Byzantine than Lombardic. Others have been found at Nocera Umbra and Arosia. Below is a pair of gold horse-trappings. (6) Gold spur (left) of heavy metal. The knob is engraved to represent eyes. The gold buckle (right) is in three pieces—tongue, hoop, and rectangular plate. The oblong is richly ornamented with cabochon pastes. (7) Gold-mounted sword of iron (on right). The heavy gold pommel is of the late 'ring' type. The 'ring-sword' is common to Italy, England, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Germany, and may be that referred to in 'Beowulf.' (On left) Iron spear-head with band of red cloisonné enamel on a gold base. The animal heads suggest comparison with carved wooden posts found in the Oseberg ship now at Oslo, dating 800-850. (8) Gold collar, consisting of six curved and almost oblong plates. The centre panel is embossed with a court scene. A bearded figure is enthroned in the middle between two soldiers. On the left a figure advances bearing a helmet, with a winged figure following and holding in the right hand a standard inscribed 'Victuria' in two lines. Similar figures are seen on the right. (In centre) Gold-foil cross of four equal limbs to be sewn to the clothing. . . There need be no hesitation in classing this as a Christian burial."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

OF making many war-books there is no end; but no weariness, however much there may be of sadness, attends the study of such a record as "A GENERATION MISSING." By Carroll Carstairs. With a Foreword by Osbert Sitwell (Heinemann; 5s.). For one thing, it has the virtue of brevity: the reader does not have to trudge through endless morasses of circumstance, but arrives at the commanding view-point every time by a short cut. It is, in fact, a succession of scenes, often disconnected and kaleidoscopic as a film, but each in itself intensely vivid. Taken together, they present a total picture of a regimental officer's life on the Western battlefields, with intervals of leave and love-making in London or Paris, that is none the less effective for being severely compressed.

These "bright vignettes" of warfare represent episodes in the experience of a young American, who had been studying at the British Museum, and joined-up in London early in August 1914, served in the Artillery and later in the Grenadier Guards, and survived many a battle only to receive a crippling wound in the last week before the Armistice. He begins with a Prologue picturing himself as a small boy playing soldiers, and in the first chapter analyses his motives in taking a hand in the "game" of real war. "I have been carried along," he says, "on the crest of the world's events, that is all. It is weakness, the inability to resist the tide of time. No, it is not weakness; it is youth: the flow of warm young blood that catches us in its current and takes us along into the channels of adventure, romance." Otherwise, his story is not concerned with the rights and wrongs of the war, or of war in general. The rest is pure description and compact narrative.

Captain Osbert Sitwell, on the other hand, in commending the book for its truth, takes occasion to deliver a caustic anti-war sermon. "Even now [he writes] the war is regarded as sacrosanct by the weight of its own silliness; that is to say, the appalling misery inflicted by the imbecility of it is held to make it something grand and good; and to question its practical politics . . . is still considered as a form of blasphemy. . . . This book [he adds] interests me because the author and myself served in the same regiment; and I find, in reading him, that our impressions of it are much the same."

Some notable names are mentioned, incidentally, in the author's reminiscent "despatches"; among them those of Ian Hay, Sir William Orpen (who has supplied a drawing for the book's "jacket"), John Sargent, and Herbert Haseltine, the animal sculptor. Here, too, is a happy glimpse of a fellow-officer. "Duff-Cooper had . . . [captured] a machine-gun and twenty Germans single-handed, through the simple method of addressing them in their own language. 'Kommen sie heraus—keine waffen.' Out they had come, and very much astonished to see a single Englishman brandishing a revolver. 'If only they had known that I could not have hit one of them!' observed Duff afterwards. But he got a D.S.O., and deserved a V.C. One day previous to this he had been discovered under very heavy shell-fire reading 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Of quiet and scholarly stuff are soldiers made. 'Soldiers are dreamers.'"

A sadder note—the key-note of the book—is struck in another allusion to two friends familiarly called "Mary" (Bowes-Lyon) and "Nibs" (Beaumont-Nesbitt) after a battle. "The Adjutant and the Padre return from a final futile hunt for the bodies of 'Nibs' and 'Mary.' 'Missing, believed killed' they will remain until the end of time, with the rest of a generation missing."

Another interesting retrospect of service "for the duration" is found in "HAUNTING YEARS." The Commentaries of a War Territorial. By William Linton Andrews (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). The author, a Yorkshireman, and now Editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, was News Editor of the *Dundee Advertiser* when he enlisted, in the first week of the war, in a Territorial Battalion of the Black Watch.

He served with it on the Western Front for three years before coming home for a commission. His main motive has been to render tribute to his old comrades—"great-hearted comrades—many of whom did not come home." But he also gives us his general conclusions. "Our orators [he writes] do not proclaim that the War was a boon for which to thank God. They do not even seek to convince us that we gained credit by it, and theirs is the right attitude, for if anyone began to say that it was a great land-mark of world progress, we should begin to think how, for four years, it crucified a great part of mankind."

Mr. Andrews does not slur over the ghastly side of fighting, but his pages are clean of unnecessary nastiness about matters in which war holds no monopoly. Nor did he observe much immorality. Having mentioned that, during a rest out of the line, he had been deep in Dostoevsky's "Poor Folk" and the Song of Solomon—"my favourite reading all through the war, doubtless because I was young and in love"—he goes on to say: "You must not think that I, being a little literary, was different from the rest. Our ploughman soldiers, though perhaps they did not keep diaries or write poems, felt just the same emotions. All thought much of loved ones at home. They did not plunge into the orgies of vice depicted by some of the war writers. We should have been astounded if we could have foreseen the impression of sexual anarchy among us which was to be produced by novelists after the war."

Force, and formerly Captain, Royal Flying Corps. Introduction by C. G. Grey, Editor of the *Aeroplane*. Illustrated by Leonard Bridgman (John Hamilton, Ltd.; 8s. 6d.). The airman, it might be said, fought a war of their own, in conditions differing greatly from those of the ground forces, reviving in a new sphere some of the characteristics of mediæval warfare and the thrill of single combat.

This book is the self-story of one of the most brilliant of British "Aces," who brought down fifty-seven German aeroplanes. By an irony of fate he lost his own life not in action, but in what Mr. Grey calls "a trivial accident." Three days after he had written the concluding chapter of his book, McCudden left England, where he had been instructing air recruits, to return to the front. "He flew across the Channel," we read, "and landed safely in France. On starting again . . . his engine stopped, and, in trying to turn in order to get back on to the aerodrome, he side-slipped into the ground." His reminiscences, we are told, were all written in a little more than a month before his death. They form a unique record of five years' service with the R.F.C. and the early days of military aviation.

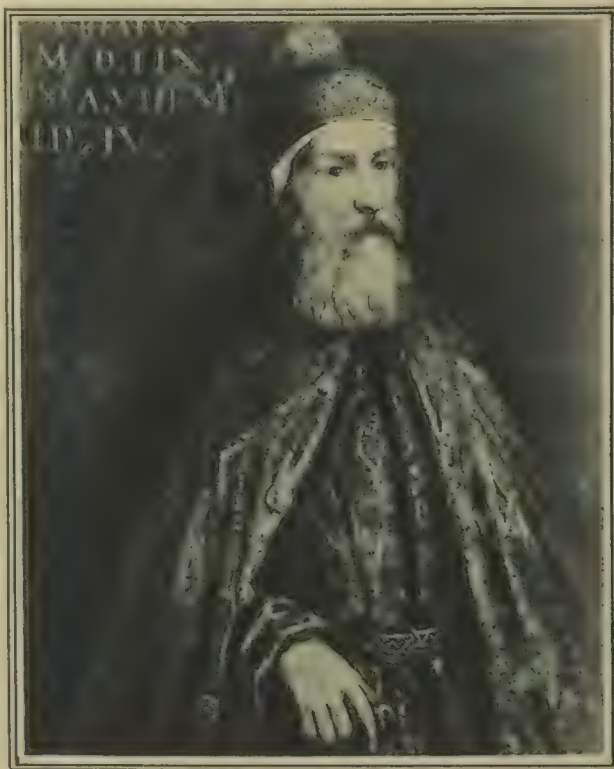
From a young man of this active and adventurous spirit we scarcely look for serious thought or sombre reflections. He does not dwell on the darker side of war,

and sometimes he evidently enjoyed it, as when he writes: "I was very pleased that I had got a Hun, for it was quite a long time since I had destroyed anything." At other times he is in more sympathetic mood: "That was my first Hun in flames," he writes elsewhere. "As soon as I saw it I thought 'Poor devil,' and really felt sick. It was at that time very revolting to see any machine go down in flames, especially when it was done by my own hands. One seems to feel it more than sending a Hun to Hell out of control or crashed to pieces. However, I had to live down my better feelings." Still more keenly, of course, did he feel any disaster to our own airmen. "It seems to me," he writes on such an occasion, "that in the Flying Corps the very best fellows are always those who are killed. It is so awful when the good fellows one meets in the R.F.C. are killed in some way or other, that sometimes one sits and thinks 'Oh, this damned war and its cursed tragedies!' After all, I suppose it is to be, and we cannot alter destiny."

Only a few lines remain for me to mention two other books of aeronautical interest. One, in which the war is merely an incident, covered in a single chapter, tells the whole story of man's conquest of the air—namely, "THE EVOLUTION OF THE FLYING MACHINE." Balloon; Airship; Aeroplane. By Harry Harper. With ninety-one illustrations (Hutchinson; 21s.). Mr. Harper has made a life-long study of his romantic subject, and, as in his previous work, "Twenty-five Years of Flying," he enthalls the reader in a work that bristles with facts and radiates enthusiasm.

The other book which I would fain commend is a delightful account of a world air-tour entitled "FLYING GYPSIES." The Chronicle of a 10,000-Mile Air Vagabondage. By Violette de Sibour. Maps drawn by Vicomte Jacques de Sibour. With twenty-four illustrations (Putnam's; 10s. 6d.). The flights of the "Safari" ranged over many parts of Europe, Africa, Asia, and America, and the author (daughter of Mr. Gordon Selfridge) describes their astonishing journey with charming humour and vivacity. At the end we read: "Well, I hope you're cured for ever of your absurd gypsying about the world," said my father. I looked at Jack, and laughed, but in the general noise and gaiety I managed to whisper, without being overheard: "When and where do we fly next?"

C. E. B.



A PICTURE SOLD FOR £80, AND NOW DECLARED TO BE A TITIAN WORTH £30,000: THE PORTRAIT BEFORE CLEANING (LEFT), AND IN ITS PRESENT STATE.

This picture was bought recently during the sale of part of the Havemeyer Collection in New York, and it fetched 400 dollars. The purchaser was Dr. W. R. Valentiner, acting for the Detroit Institute of Arts. Experts since called in by that Institute have declared that the work, which was catalogued as "School of Titian," is a true Titian, and they have valued it at a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is reported that they reached this decision immediately the layer of paint on the forehead over the right eye had been removed. According to one theory, the sitter was the Doge Girolamo Priuli (1559-1567).

One incident of the kind suggested is described with considerable frankness in "THE PATRIOT'S PROGRESS." Being the Vicissitudes of Pte. John Bullock. Related by Henry Williamson and Drawn by William Kermode (Geoffrey Bles; 10s. 6d.). I should hardly class this work as a novel; not that the absence of a plot would nowadays disqualify it, but I think we may presume it to be a fictitious narrative, at any rate in so far as concerns names of people. It relates the experiences of a young London clerk as a raw recruit in Kitchener's army, then as a soldier at the front, and finally as a one-legged man in hospital blue.

The fictitious form allows certain freedoms which most—though not all—autobiographers would be inclined to avoid, and there are words in this book, either used or plainly indicated, which I never expected to see in print. The trench and battle scenes, pictured with lurid power, re-create the inferno of modern warfare, and throughout the book the mentality of the principal character is consistently portrayed, in contrast to those of the simple-minded parents at home. The author's object has evidently been to show what war meant to a man of that type, seeing nothing beyond the range of the physical facts that encompassed him. The numerous "lino" cuts, bold and effective in style, are in keeping with the text.

There is a striking contrast, both physical and mental, between the atmosphere of the last-named book and that of "FLYING FURY." By James Byford McCudden, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., M.M., and Croix de Guerre, Major, Royal Air

A WAR-SHIP IN A POET'S GARDEN: D'ANNUNZIO ABOARD THE "PUGLIA."



PRESENTED BY THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT TO SIGNOR GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, AND SET UP IN HIS GARDEN: THE BOWS OF THE LIGHT CRUISER "PUGLIA," WITH A FIGURE OF "VICTORY" BY RENATO BROZZI.



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO (CENTRE) ABOARD THE WAR-SHIP IN HIS GARDEN OVERLOOKING LAKE GARDA DURING RECENT MOTOR-BOAT RACES: A GROUP INCLUDING SIGNOR GIANCARLO MARONI (RIGHT), ARCHITECT OF THE POET'S HOUSE.



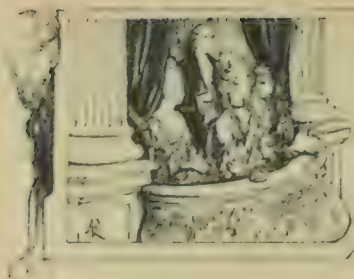
SHOWING ONE OF THE GUNS ABOARD THE "PUGLIA" SERVED BY RETIRED NAVAL MEN, AND FIRED FOR SALUTES OR UPON PUBLIC OCCASIONS: THE DECK DURING A QUARTET IN COSTUME.



THE POET-PATRIOT LISTENING TO A QUARTET PLAYING ABOARD HIS WAR-SHIP: D'ANNUNZIO ON THE DECK OF THE "PUGLIA" DURING THE MOTOR SPEED-BOAT RACES FOR WHICH HE PRESENTED A CUP.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, the famous Italian poet, presented a "cup for pure speed" for an event in the motor-boat races held recently on the Lake of Garda, by whose shores he is living in retirement at his villa overlooking the lake, Vittoriale, Gardone. On a terrace in his garden there stand the actual bows of the Italian light cruiser "Puglia," presented to him some years ago by the Italian Government in recognition of his patriotic work. The ship was formerly used for colonial tours and showing the flag in various waters. She was in Australia during the visit of King George and Queen Mary as Prince and Princess of Wales. During the war the "Puglia" did good service as a mine-layer, and was also used for escort and troop transport. After the Armistice she was stationed in Dalmatia, and her captain, Commander Gulli, a great friend of D'Annunzio, was killed in

one of the frequent affrays at that time between Italians and Yugo-Slavs. On the deck of the "Puglia's" forepart are several guns, served by retired naval men, who act as D'Annunzio's retainers. Salutes are fired on occasions of public rejoicing, on the arrival of an honoured guest, or on anniversaries of feats-of-arms with which the soldier-poet was connected. In 1924, it may be recalled, he was made Prince of Montevenero. He was born in 1864, at Pescara. His mother was the Duchessa Maria Gallese di Roma. He was a member of the Italian Chamber in 1898, and served in the War (during which he was wounded) from 1915 to 1918.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



ARE THE "STARS" DOOMED?—ACTION IN DRAMA.

"REPERTORY TO THE RESCUE"—my last article in this page—has brought me quite a sheaf of correspondence, some of which contains points well worth considering. A very well-known actress, and one of the best, expresses herself with great frankness. She says that one of the reasons of the present *malaise* in the theatre is that the "talkies" have, if not killed, temporarily stunned stardom in the theatre. Formerly people flocked to see an actress or an actor; now the play's the thing. There are very, very few actresses

a manful struggle in the cathedral city to save his theatre from the lure of the "talkies." At present he is giving a series of fine repertory plays, and in order to foster the attendance he has created a local "Drama League" on such terms as are beyond the dreams of avarice. Each subscriber of a nimble shilling would have the privilege of buying a three-and-sixpenny stall for two shillings and fourpence throughout the season. Imagine it—Galsworthy for less than half-a-crown, performed in a pretty, comfortable theatre, by a very good company, witnessed from

in his comedy, which is argumentative and provocative, depending on the value of words, does not eschew action. He will use any violence to stir interest and create surprise, but beneath the pattern of obvious movement there is action of a subtler kind: his wit, his verbal surprise, his thought, compel the mind to function, and in the functioning he creates the mental excitement which is the guarantee of pleasure.

"Action and reaction are equal and opposite," wrote Elbert Hubbard, and hit off in a phrase a truth. Without



THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE COMMAND VARIETY PERFORMANCE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM: THEIR MAJESTIES WATCHING A FILM SHOWING THE QUEEN, THE DUCHESS OF YORK, AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WHICH WAS GIVEN WHILE THE MAESTRO SINGERS SANG "PRINCESS ELIZABETH."

now who are safe box-office draws; who have a definite, faithful following whether the play is good, bad, or indifferent. At the head of these are Miss Gladys Cooper—who for years has most successfully adhered to a practical and skilful policy, and has as many admirers of her beauty as of her wonderfully developed acting powers—and Miss Marie Tempest, provided she has a part worthy of her genius; for when, some years ago, she returned from America she brought with her some plays which, for all her personal magnetism, failed to attract. Since then she has mostly made happy choices, and the public still speaks of "a Marie Tempest part"—such as "The First Mrs. Fraser"—which in itself means grist to the mill. Being a woman—my interlocutor—she said she would rather not name the male actors who are as safe as houses, but added, in the same breath, that there is one actor whom "we all fall for," as she put it, and that is Mr. Henry Ainley. His name in the bill of any production is a sure guarantee of "house full," and all London will now flock to his Hamlet when he appears in the evening bill.

What is the cause of this decline of the stars' vogue? She anticipated my question. "In my opinion," she said, "it is the prevalence of the 'talkies,' which have brought their interpreters into line with ordinary play-actors. A whole tribe of new stars—unknown on the legitimate stage—has arisen on the screen. These stars live on the lips and in the fancy of their spectators, and they have the advantage of appealing to myriads of them, whilst we appear only to, say, a thousand at a time. Duplicated, nay, manifolded, as these performances are on the screen, they achieve almost universal celebrity—the Empire alone draws 6000 *per diem*—whilst we have to build up and maintain our fame laboriously in eight performances per week. How can we compete with such spread of fame?—unless our gifts are what I would call universal. A film star—particularly one who is polyglot, and they are increasing in number—becomes a universal favourite in as many weeks as it costs us years. Believe me or believe me not, that is the true cause of our—what shall I call it?—retrogression, and I foresee that, if the theatres do not find a remedy, by lower prices and standardised salaries, we may, ere long, give them a wide berth and (given the right face and voice) go over to the 'talkies,' which warrant both 'kudos and kind.'" Here she broke off and left me pondering.

Another communication of interest came from Mr. Percy Hutchison, the well-known manager of the York Theatre Royal. He is, as I mentioned last time, making

a cosy fauteuil; or, if one cannot afford that, a seat in a well-upholstered and focussed gallery for a shilling, or even less! No wonder that one of Mr. Hutchison's friends and admirers wrote in enthusiasm: "The new Drama League has caught on. Hutchison has members joining literally in hundreds; he has printed your 'Repertory to the Rescue' on his programme; day after day the press is full of appeals to join in leaderettes and leading articles. He is winning the battle, and, if the standard of the performances is maintained, our theatre will be saved." The lesson of York and Mr. Hutchison should be watched and

action there can be no conflict, and the stuff of drama is in the clash of opposing elements. When the critic complains that the play lacks action, he does not necessarily refer to the lack of movement on the stage—that is, of externalised action—but to the fact that the play, either in its thought or in its characterisation, or in its dialogue, has not stimulated a corresponding action in his own mind. To say a play lacks action is not to say we need a salvo of artillery or a prize-fight on the stage. What is meant by the criticism is that the play does not grow, does not move forward from its starting-point, does not develop, and unless there is such action there can be no interest.

The action which characterises great drama is not merely related action—that is, movement expressive either of story or character—but significant action. It is much more than the outward movement in melodrama, for here it is the visible sign of an inward spiritual experience. The action in Shakespeare does not determine the characters, but, rather, the characters determine the action. This gives that quality of inevitability. Whenever we feel that the playwright is pulling the strings, however skilfully, so that he can create an effective curtain, we are watching an action that has neither significance nor inevitability. Where the mind and emotions are caught up and we follow the happenings swept on by an undeniable logic, when we feel the action cannot be stayed, then drama is alive. Strindberg in "The Father" lifts melodramatic action into tragic action because that which is done is both inevitable and significant.

A consideration of the drama which has exercised the most profound influence over its audience will reveal that externalised action is not necessarily the most potent. The Greek drama, the later Ibsen drama, much of the later Shaw drama, the ripper work of O'Neill, all work with a potential energy rather than a kinetic. They are the fruits of mature experience, and do not need to excite attention by things seen. They have long passed the simple devices used by the young playwright. Action in their drama goes "before and after," and the audience travels with it. We know Chamberlain Alving though we never met him, and we know the whole life-history of Mrs. Alving though we only see the action of a few days. They take a fragment of life and relate it to the whole. They take an action and make it significant of time. They achieve something of more than temporary or contemporary worth, because the action of their drama is in the nature of revelation. Such action not only implies development but intensity—and whoever can give his action intensity is indeed a dramatist.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE COMMAND VARIETY PERFORMANCE: THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: WATCHING THE SHOW FROM THEIR BOX.

The King and Queen, who were accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester, attended a Command Performance given at the London Palladium on May 22, in aid of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund. They had a magnificent reception.

followed in all those provincial cities which are lamenting decay or fear of the "talkies." For good plays well acted there is always a public—it is the fifth-rate touring companies that have alienated the patrons, not merely the "talkies," which are always accused as the mote by managers who fail to see the beam in their own eyes.

Perhaps one of the most damaging criticisms that can be made against a drama is that it lacks action. If the action does not move, if there is no energy in the theme or in the characterisation, then there can be no drama. The word itself is derived from the Greek *dramenon*, a thing done; and this is again emphasised in the Latin word act, from *actum*, meaning the same. Bernard Shaw,

AMY JOHNSON'S FLIGHT: HER "GIPSY MOTH"; HER ROUTE; HER HOME.

MAP REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

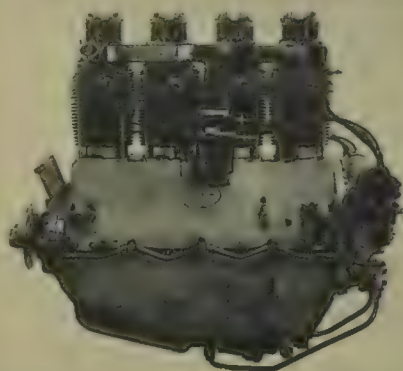


MISS AMY JOHNSON (ON RIGHT) WORKING THE CONTROLS OF HER AEROPLANE, WHILE AN OFFICER SWINGS THE PROPELLER: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JUST BEFORE SHE LEFT JHANSI (HER NEXT STOP IN INDIA AFTER KARACHI).

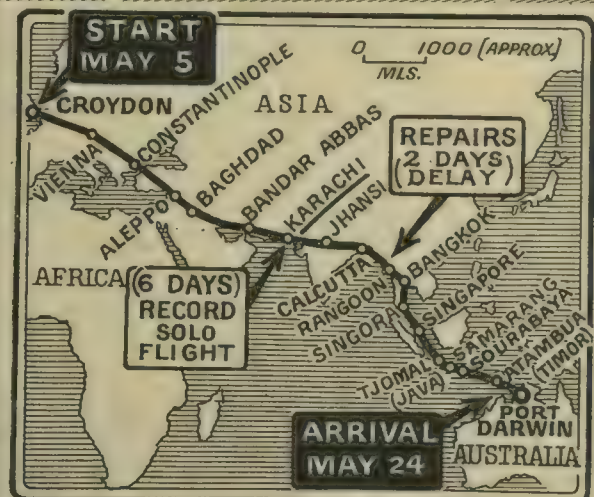


MISS AMY JOHNSON SHORTLY AFTER HER RECORD FLIGHT FROM ENGLAND TO INDIA: A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH, JUST TO HAND, SHOWING HER BESIDE HER "GIPSY MOTH" AEROPLANE AT JHANSI, ON MAY 12.

Day.		Miles.
1 -	- Vienna -	- 780
2 -	- Constantinople -	- 790
3 -	- Aleppo -	- 550
4 -	- Baghdad -	- 470
5 -	- Bandar Abbas -	- 830
6 -	- Karachi -	- 720
7 -	- Jhansi -	- 720
8 -	- Allahabad -	- 230
8 -	- Calcutta -	- 460
9 -	- Insein -	- 650
10 & 11 -	- Held up for repairs	
12 -	- Bangkok (Siam) -	- 355
13 -	- Singora -	- 500
14 -	- Singapore -	- 470
15 -	- Tjomal -	- 700
16 -	- Samarang -	- 120
17 -	- Surabaya -	- 200
18 -	- Atamboea -	- 450
19 -	- Port Darwin -	- 500
	Total -	9495



THE TYPE OF MOTIVE POWER WHICH TOOK MISS JOHNSON'S AEROPLANE FROM ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA: A SIMILAR DE HAVILLAND 100-H.P. "GIPSY ONE" ENGINE.



INCLUDING THE ROUTE OF HER RECORD SOLO FLIGHT TO INDIA: A MAP OF MISS JOHNSON'S COURSE OVER EUROPE AND ASIA TO AUSTRALIA, WITH DATES OF DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL.

NEARLY 10,000 MILES IN NINETEEN DAYS: A TABLE OF MISS JOHNSON'S FLIGHT FROM CROYDON TO PORT DARWIN, WITH HER HALTING-PLACES AND MILEAGE.

AS noted under the photograph of her given on our front page, Miss Amy Johnson, who left Croydon Aerodrome on May 5, landed at Port Darwin, Australia, on Empire Day, May 24. This great feat, one of the finest ever achieved by a woman, has captured the imagination of the world.

[Continued opposite.]



WHERE SHE TOUCHED AUSTRALIAN SOIL: THE LANDING-GROUND AT FANNY BAY, PORT DARWIN—THE MONUMENT MARKING THE LANDING-PLACE OF SIR ROSS AND SIR KEITH SMITH IN 1919.

She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson, of Hull, and is a B.A. of the University of Sheffield. From Port Darwin she flew to Daly Waters (320 miles), and from thence to Alexandra Station (200 miles), and Cloncurry, Queensland, arranging to leave for Brisbane (600 miles further) on the 27th. The De Havilland "Gipsy Moth" light aeroplane in which she made

[Continued below.]



THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN TOWN TO WELCOME MISS JOHNSON: PORT DARWIN—A GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING THE RESIDENCY (EXTREME LEFT BACKGROUND), WHERE SHE STAYED, AND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS (RIGHT BACKGROUND).



FLYING A UNION JACK FROM A WINDOW IN HONOUR OF HER WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT: MISS AMY JOHNSON'S HOME IN HULL THE HOUSE OF HER PARENTS.

[Continued]

her flight is of the type that anyone can acquire to-day for £595. The "Moth" is being used by hundreds of owner-pilots and commercial operators everywhere, and it is the standard equipment of the great majority of Flying Clubs and schools throughout the world. When Miss Johnson bought her second-hand "Moth," it had already flown 35,000 miles. Now, after her Australian flight, the

machine, with its original engine, has flown about 50,000 miles. Its wonderful engine is a De Havilland 100-h.p. "Gipsy One," air-cooled, with overhead valves, the tappets of which may be adjusted, if necessary, in ten minutes. Maintenance is simplified as water-cooling complications do not exist. The carburettor and magneto follow usual motor-car practice.

IN DISTURBED INDIA: A FOREIGN CLOTH "GUY"; RIOTING; AND RELIEF.



READY FOR THE BURNING, IN KARACHI: AN EFFIGY MADE OF FOREIGN CLOTH GOODS ABOUT TO BE FIRED BY BOYCOTTERS.



THE BOYCOTT OF FOREIGN CLOTH: INDIAN WOMEN PICKETS IN BOMBAY PERSUADING PASSERS-BY NOT TO BUY BRITISH GOODS IN THE SHOPS.



INJURED DURING THE RIOTING IN MADRAS, WHEN THE POLICE HAD TO CHARGE: INSPECTOR CHELLADORAI.



PROTESTING AGAINST THE ARREST OF MAHATMA GANDHI, WHICH TOOK PLACE AT SURAT ON MAY 5: CONGRESS VOLUNTEERS AND OTHER SYMPATHISERS MARCHING IN PROCESSION THROUGH BOMBAY.



WHERE NUMEROUS REVOLUTIONARY MEETINGS WERE HELD: THE HASTINGS CHOWK, PESHAWAR, TRANQUIL, THANKS TO THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF BRITISH FORCES AS A SEQUEL TO MOB SAVAGERY WHICH WAS A SERIOUS MENACE.

On April 22 certain Madras shopkeepers, who were opposed to an attempt to secure observance of a *hartal* by way of protest against the imprisonment of leaders of the local Salt Act campaign, asked for police protection. This was afforded them. The result was that incensed Congress Volunteers stoned the police, who were forced to charge and disperse them. Seven were arrested. On the 27th the police had to open fire on a threatening mob stationed near the bridge in Pycroft Road. Two people were killed and three were injured; while the police



THE DISTURBANCES IN MADRAS: SOME OF THE DEMONSTRATORS AT THE GREAT GATHERING IN CONNECTION WITH THE BREAKING OF THE SALT ACT—UNITS OF THE CROWD WHICH BECAME DANGEROUS.



ONE OF THE BARRICADES SET UP IN PESHAWAR: A PICKET OF THE 4TH-11TH SIKHS ON DUTY IN THE ANDAR SHAHAR BAZAR ROAD AS A PART OF THE "MESH OF STEEL" SHIELDING THE CITIZENS FROM MOB VIOLENCE.

were heavily stoned, and several officers, including the Commissioner, the Deputy Commissioner, and Assistant Commissioners, were injured. It was only after the Commissioner had given several ineffective warnings that the shots were fired, and these were but seven. On May 14 the Governor in Council expressed his appreciation of the conduct of the police throughout the Madras disturbances, praising their restraint and adding that, both on April 22 and on April 27, any hesitation or weakness would have been fraught with the most dangerous consequences to the lives and property of the citizens of Madras.—Peshawar was for over a week after the riots in the hands of the insurgents. Troops took part in a raid, with the object of clearing the city of Congress leaders and agitators, in the early hours of Sunday, May 4.

IN DISTURBED INDIA: DUAL "PASSIVE RESISTANCE"; AND LEADERS.



ADDRESSING A MEETING OF WOMEN NEAR SURAT A FEW HOURS BEFORE HIS ARREST AT THAT PLACE EARLY ON THE MORNING OF MAY 5: MAHATMA GANDHI (MARKED WITH AN ARROW) URGING HIS BELIEFS AND EXPLAINING HIS ACTIONS.



SUCCESSOR TO MRS. NAIDU AS LEADER OF THE FOLLOWERS OF MAHATMA GANDHI: MR. V. J. PATEL, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, GARLANDED AND WELCOMED IN BOMBAY.

"PASSIVE RESISTANCE" BOTH BY MRS. NAIDU AND THE POLICE: THE INDIAN POETESS WHO SUCCEEDED TO THE LEADERSHIP SEATED IN A CHAIR IN THE ROAD DURING THE MARCH TOWARDS DHARASANA, REFUSING TO MOVE—TACTICS IMITATED BY THE POLICE WHO HAD STOPPED HER AND HER FOLLOWING OF VOLUNTEERS.



THE "PASSIVE RESISTANCE" BY MRS. NAIDU AND THE POLICE: THE POLICE GUARD AND MRS. NAIDU AND HER VOLUNTEERS EACH REFUSING TO BUDGE WHEN THE LATTER WERE STOPPED ON THE MARCH TOWARDS THE DHARASANA SALT DEPOT.



ON THE EVE OF HIS ARREST: MAHATMA GANDHI BIDDING A FAREWELL TO FOLLOWERS A FEW HOURS BEFORE HE WAS TAKEN PRISONER.

Mahatma Gandhi was arrested early on the morning of May 5, at Surat, from which he was removed by train. A communiqué issued by the Bombay Government later said that Mahandas Karamchand Gandhi had been arrested and had been placed in the Central Prison at Yeroda, the campaign of civil disobedience, of which he had been the chief instigator and leader, having resulted in widespread defiance of law and order and in grave disturbances of public peace in every part of India. Gandhi was succeeded in the leadership by the eighty-year-old Abbas Tyabji, who arranged to march from Karari with Congress Volunteers on May 12, to journey to Dharasana and raid the Salt Depot there, but was arrested on the 12th, with fifty-nine others, just as a start was being made. Thereupon the leadership was taken up by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the Indian

poetess who was educated at Girton and has spent some time in this country since. She and her

volunteers were stopped by the Superintendent of Police after they had marched for half an hour on the road to the Dharasana Salt Depot. Mrs. Naidu refused to retreat; whereupon the police offered kindred "passive resistance," and the forces continued to look upon each other, Mrs. Naidu from a chair set in the road! Stalemate continued for some twenty-four hours. Eventually, Mrs. Naidu was arrested. She, in turn, was succeeded by Mr. V. J. Patel, the ex-President of the Legislative Assembly, who is seen in one of our photographs.



PRESERVED IN THE PAVILION AT LORD'S: AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING PICTURE OBVIOUSLY BASED ON THE PAINTING GIVEN IN COLOUR IN THIS NUMBER, FROM WHICH THE DETAIL SECTIONS ON THIS PAGE ARE REPRODUCED.

The above illustration, given here by courtesy of the Marylebone Cricket Club, is from an old picture in the very interesting collection preserved in the M.C.C. pavilion at Lord's. At the foot is the title "A German Court, c. 1540," but it also appears to be known as "David and Bathsheba." It is obviously based on the painting reproduced in colour on our double-page, but a comparison reveals differences both in architectural details of the buildings and in the number and grouping of the figures, including those on the tennis court. The scene in the right foreground is here explained by an inscription on the wall to the effect that "David, having seduced Bathsheba, sends Uriah into battle to be slain by the enemy"; with the date of the picture as "Anno 15-4."

ONE sometimes wonders how many of the thousands who pursue lawn-tennis concern themselves with the origin and antecedents of this universal ball game. No doubt many believe that, like Minerva from the head of Jove, it sprang into existence when the lawn-tennis championship was founded at Wimbledon fifty-three years ago. In one sense the legend could be substantiated, for there was no organised lawn-tennis until there was an

has been "a continuing scene of play." Here the past has merged tranquilly into the present. The Royal Court, as it is known, saw Charles I. rise as early as six o'clock to use it for a zealously fought set, and Charles II. become so enamoured of its charms that he ordered an exact replica to be built at Whitehall. Prince Albert played there—his name is still on one of the lockers; Disraeli was frequently a spectator; and to its floor have

The Prototype of Lawn Tennis.

THE ANCIENT GAME OF TENNIS, OR *JEU DE PAUME*; A SUMMER SPORT IN EUROPE IN THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.

By A. WALLIS MYERS.

Parisian furore which she created. And is it not recorded in the annals of tennis that Henri II. was "a really fine player who might probably have carried off the *écuf d'argent*, the insignia of championship, had he cared to enter the lists"? England also had its

fifteenth-century courts, although many of them are now either museums or memories. In the Badminton volume a print is reproduced of the Windsor Castle court—an uncovered enclosure with a line or cord stretched across the centre, and a representation of balls and a racket lying on the stone floor. Richmond, Greenwich, and Oxford had contemporary courts. That at Hampton Court Palace has a distinctive fame, for there is no other court extant of which it can be said that for four centuries down to the present day it

hair. Did not Nashe write: "Thy beard shall serve to stuff those balls by which I get me heat at tennice"? Presumably the youth who is seen without a racket in front of one of the players is one of the professionals, or court-keepers, which was a hereditary office when *la paume* was an aristocratic diversion in France. An *enfant de la balle* was one who was brought up from childhood to follow the family calling.

The girl in the Tube railway of 1930 who speaks of "tennis" is not referring to the game illustrated in this picture, nor to its modern descendant, the pastime practised under cover to-day in rather costly courts by ardent



PERHAPS AKIN TO A MODERN BOWLING-GREEN, OR CROQUET: A SMALL ENCLOSURE SHOWN IN THE SAME SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING AS THE OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS ON THIS PAGE.

disciples. She means "lawn tennis," its illegitimate offspring, which was founded on domestic lawns in placid Victorian days. But the child has now consumed the

parent, and in countries where there are no lawns, but thousands of artificial courts on which "lawn tennis" is pursued, the prefix has gone by the board. In America, too, "tennis" means the democratic, crowd-attracting game. The popular mind, inside a restless body, cannot waste time over nomenclature; it must have a single-barrel name for a world-wide pastime. And, after all, the implements and principles of lawn tennis were borrowed boldly from its romantic and historic ancestor.

As to the relation between the strokes of the royal and ancient game and those practised at the modern Wimbledon, of course there is a marked difference. The court is not equipped in the same way, and there are no side

walls. The ball at the former is solid, and has none of the light-hearted resiliency which a rubber-covered, air-lined lawn-tennis ball promotes. The tennis racket is constructed to cut the ball; its shape is for the heavy slice. The broader-brimmed lawn-tennis racket may adopt, as the French so skilfully demonstrate, the principle of repercussion; almost without swing, or seeming effort, they use the speed of the coming ball to generate speed on its return journey. But they execute these quick and subtle strokes more and more with the bent elbow; in this they differ from, and perhaps make replies superior to, the straight-armed Americans. In other words, the French are vindicating the style and stance of the *tennis* stroke at which, centuries ago, their ancestors were adept. Their lawn-tennis players, in effect, are reverting to type. Even Jean Borotra, with his unorthodox lunges and volleys, so Latin in their spontaneity, does but emphasise that in his native Basque country there were, years ago, many champions of what was then a national, or at any rate a popular, pastime.



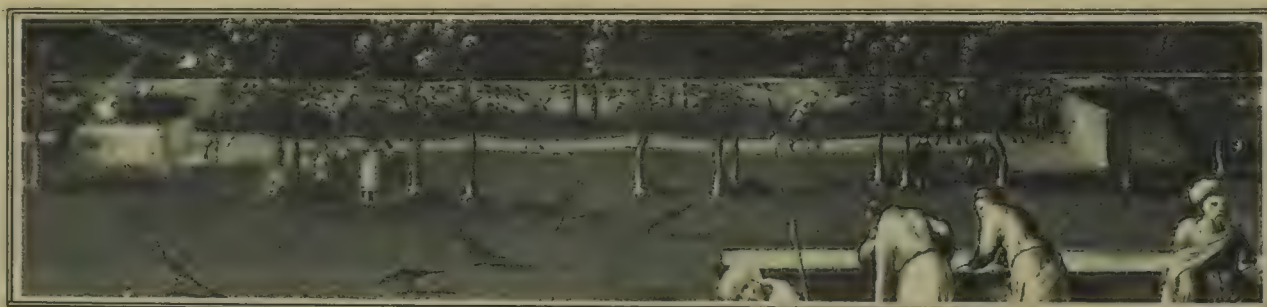
THE GAME FROM WHICH LAWN-TENNIS EVOLVED: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY TENNIS MATCH IN AN OPEN-AIR COURT ENCLOSED WITH WALLS, IN THE GROUNDS OF A ROYAL CASTLE—AN ENLARGED SECTION OF THE PAINTING GIVEN IN COLOUR ON A DOUBLE-PAGE IN THIS NUMBER.

organised Wimbledon, and the history of the game is undoubtedly written on the courts of the All England Club. Yet this relatively modern pastime—almost a child compared with the hoary veterans of cricket and golf—was not quite as fatherless as contemporary opinion supposes; nor can it be doubted that its present-day vogue in Continental countries is due to its affinity to pastimes the roots of which lie deeply buried in their national history. The popularity of lawn-tennis in France, for example, loses much of its mystery, the recent triumphs of French players at Wimbledon and in the Davis Cup appear much less surprising, if we realise that in and around Paris three hundred years ago there were nearly two thousand "tennis courts."

These, of course, were not lawn-tennis courts; they were not even lawns; nor were the people who used them forerunners of the youthful men and women who disport themselves so gaily at our tournaments. Many of them were nobles, and some of them were Kings and Princes. They built an open-air enclosure for the pursuit of *jeu de paume* as a pendant to their castles, in the same way that the owner of a modern country house may build a "squash" court. And long before that, tennis, with a solid ball, was a European sport. Did not Charles V. own a court at the Louvre which occupied two entire storeys of the palace; and did not the King, with an arrogance which modern subjects would surely resent, issue an edict prohibiting all games within his dominions? Possibly this ukase provoked a popular desire to pursue it, for we read of more courts springing up in the fifteenth century, and in one of them, constructed in the Rue Grenier Saint Lazare, a young girl named Margot, who hailed from Hainault, anticipated Mlle. Lenglen in the

come a continuous stream of those who have found in tennis a game which, to quote an Elizabethan writer, "exercises all parts of the body alike and greatly delighted the minde, making it lusty and cheerful."

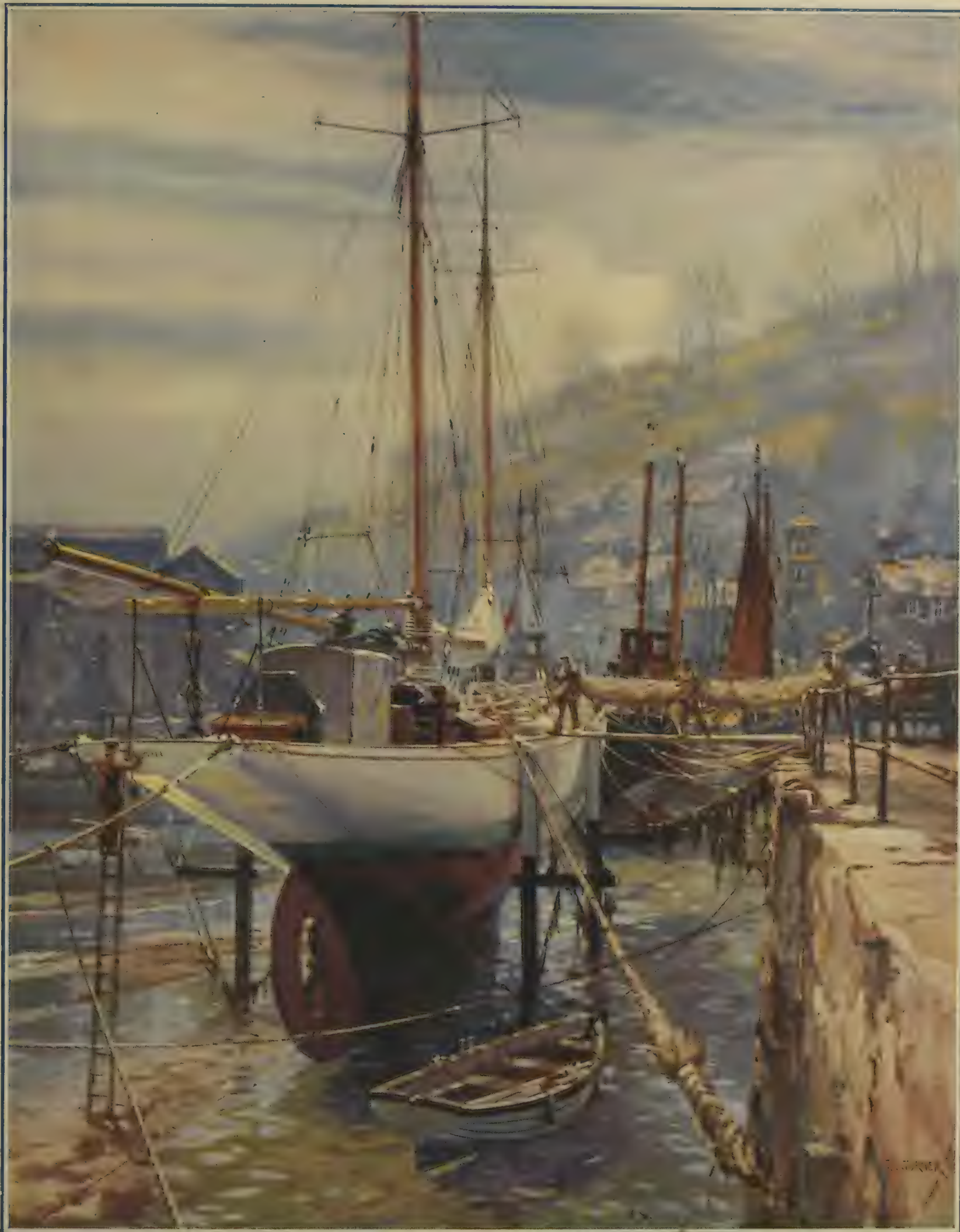
The painting reproduced in colour depicts a sixteenth-century game of tennis in progress—typical of many such informal matches in a feudalised Europe. It is the work of a Flemish artist, Jan Sanders, known as Van Hemessen or Heemsen, whose home was at Antwerp, but whose field of painting extended to France, Germany, and Austria. The court which he depicts is of the open air, heavily-walled character, which went by the name of *tripots*—owing their derivation, it is said, to *tripudiation*, which means "active motion." Structurally, it is not dissimilar to the old court at Windsor Castle; it was a conventional appendage of a royal demesne. A cord is stretched across the rectangular court, which has a tessellated floor, the squares of which have nothing to do with the scheme of the game. There is a basket of balls at the side—balls possibly stuffed with



ARCHERY AS A SUMMER PASTIME IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: AN ENLARGED SECTION FROM THE SAME PICTURE AS THE OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS, SHOWING MEN SHOOTING AT A TARGET WITH BOW AND ARROWS.

The Yachting Season Begins: Fitting out in a Cornish Port.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"THE MAINSAIL GOES ABOARD": A FIFTY-TONNER BEING PREPARED FOR SEA IN THE HARBOUR OF LOOE.

Spring is the season of the yachtsman's great awakening. Everywhere on the coasts big and little "ships" are now being fitted out for the coming season of summer sailing after "lying up" during the long winter months. The painting shows a modern fifty-ton auxiliary schooner being prepared for sea in the river at Looe, in South Cornwall, at low water, "legged up" to prevent

the deep keel from heeling her over as the tide ebbs. Surrounded as she is by smacks discharging their cargoes of fish, her dainty lines and tall, tapered masts make a high note of contrast against these bluff little vessels. Her hands are taking the mainsail aboard along a narrow plank gangway from the quayside, whilst her name on the stern is being regilded.



TENNIS IN THE 16TH CENTURY: SUMMER SPORTS AT A ROYAL CASTLE, INCLUDING A TENNIS COURT, ARCHERY BUTTS, SWIMMING-POOL, AND A KIND OF "BOWLING-GREEN."—FROM A PAINTING BY THE MASTER OF THE BRUNSWICK MONOGRAM.

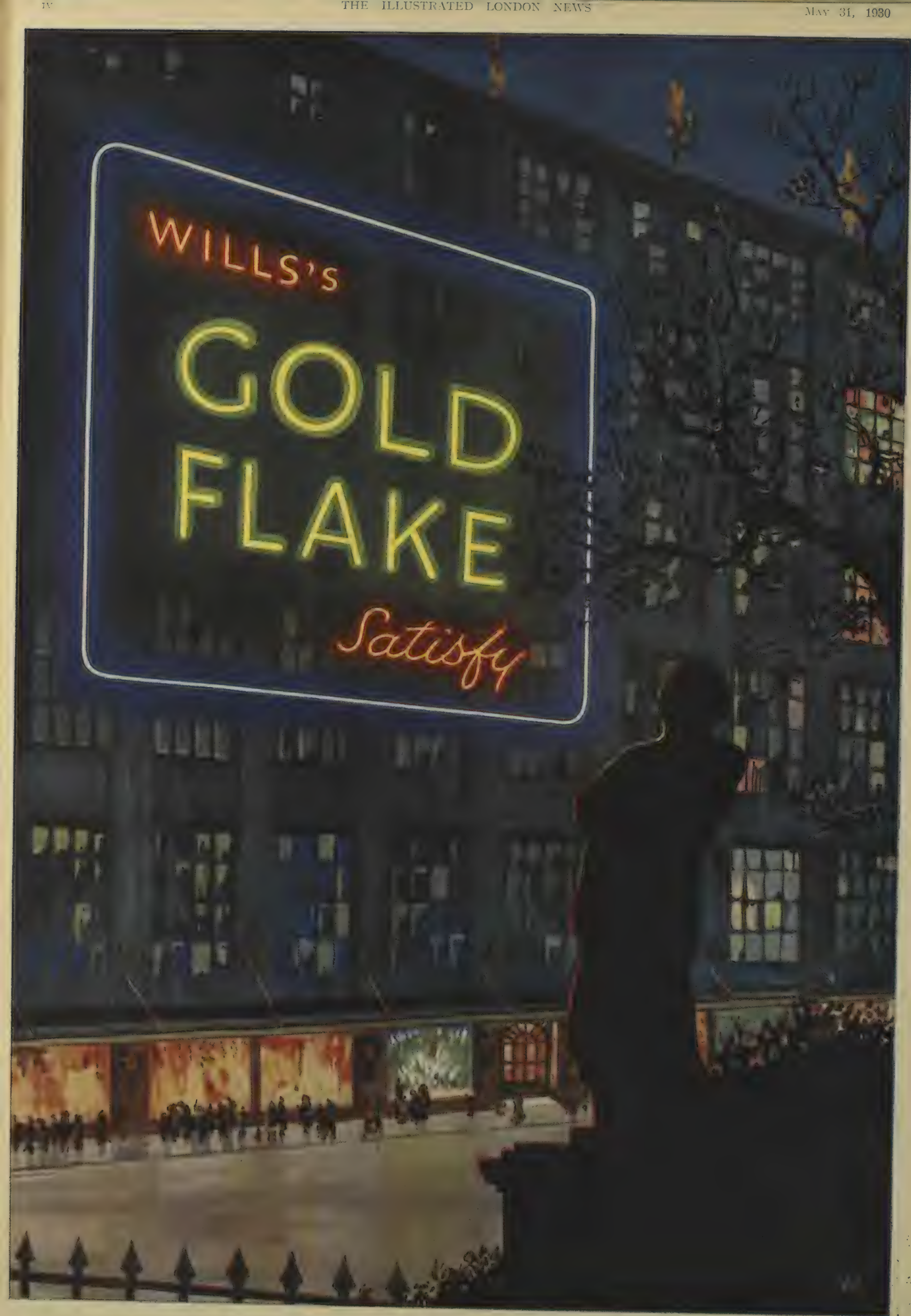
This very interesting picture shows that, three or four centuries ago, people amused themselves in summer with tennis and other games and pastimes very much as we do to-day. In the centre foreground, it will be seen, a tennis match is in progress on an open-air court with walls. In the enclosure beyond, where peacocks are strutting about, is a party of men engaged in an archery contest between two butts, one at each end, with a target on each. In the left foreground is a small railed ground with several large balls on it, suggesting some sort of analogy to the bowling-green. Beyond this again, on the left, is a swimming-pool, with a bather in the

water receiving something, possibly a ball, from a man on the bank. These four sections of the painting are reproduced, on an enlarged scale, on another page of this number, with an article on the early history of tennis. The above picture was purchased at Christie's by Messrs. Leggett Bros., and is now owned by Mr. W. H. Jervis Wegg, by whose courtesy it is reproduced. It is entitled "A King receiving a Deputation in the Gardens of a Palace," and is ascribed to the artist known as the Master of the Brunswick Monogram, whom some critics identify with Jan Sanders (also called Van Hemessen or Heemsen), a Flemish painter born near Antwerp (1504—1555).

WILLS'S

GOLD
FLAKE

Satisfy



PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE PRINCE OF WALES GOLFING AT LE TOUQUET: H.R.H. WITH COL. R. E. MYDDELTON, WHO BEAT HIM IN THE TURF CLUB HANDICAP TOURNAMENT, AND CADDIES.

The Prince flew to Le Touquet in his private aeroplane on May 23. He had entered for the Turf Club Handicap Tournament, which began on the following day, and he duly played in it, with Colonel Myddelton as his opponent. He was beaten by 3 and 2. He had intended to fly back on the Monday morning, but his pilot was unable to leave England owing to bad weather, and he returned by sea, arriving at Tilbury soon after eight in the morning, after having been delayed by fog.



**HER EXCELLENCY
SEÑORA E. VILLEGAS.**
Wife of the newly-appointed Chilean Ambassador to this country.



**HIS EXCELLENCY
SEÑOR ENRIQUE VILLEGAS.**
The first Chilean Ambassador to this country. Comes here from Rome.



SIR HENRY JUTA.
Died last week, aged seventy-two. A former Speaker of the Cape House of Assembly, and, later, Judge President of the Cape Provincial Court and a Judge of the S.A. Court of Appeal.



SIGNOR BENIAMINO GIGLI.
Famous Italian tenor who is singing at Covent Garden. Comes from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, where he has sung for ten seasons. Made his first appearance when he was twenty-four.



H.H. THE MAHARANA OF UDAIPUR.

Died on May 24. Born, December 16, 1849. "The Sun of the Hindu Faith"; head of the premier house of India in point of ancestry. A patriarchal ruler of the old and excellent type. Most loyal to this country, and a sincere supporter of Great Britain during the War, when he offered every possible aid. A great and very skilful hunter.



**MAJOR C. R.
ATTLEE.**

Appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in succession to Sir Oswald Mosley, M.P. (Lab.) for the Limehouse Division since November, 1922. Barrister. Formerly Lecturer in Social Science, London School of Economics. Served in War, 1914-19. Under-Secretary for War, 1924.



**MR. ARNOLD
LUPTON.**

Died on May 23, aged eighty-three. Formerly M.P. (L.) for the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire. Civil and Mining Engineer. An advanced Radical whose views were often most unpopular; but a man of great moral courage.



HERR ALEXANDER MOISSI AND FRAU MOISSI.

Herr Moissi, the famous German-Italian actor, is appearing at the Globe Theatre in "Der Lebende Leichnam," and he will be seen in "Hamlet" on June 2. He was born at Trieste, then under the Austrian flag, in 1880, and it is of interest that he did not learn to speak German until he was seventeen. Reinhardt "discovered" him.



LORD MUIR MACKENZIE.

Died on May 22, aged eighty-four. For many years permanent Principal Secretary to the Lord Chancellor and Clerk of the Crown in Chancery. A Liberal who joined the Labour Party and became a Lord-in-Waiting.



SIR OSWALD MOSLEY, WHO HAS RESIGNED THE OFFICE OF CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER; WITH HIS WIFE, LADY CYNTHIA MOSLEY, M.P. (LAB.) FOR THE STOKE DIVISION.

Sir Oswald Mosley resigned his office as a protest against the manner in which the Labour Government have handled the problem of unemployment. He has been M.P. (Lab.) for Smethwick since 1926, and he became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster last year. His wife, Lady Cynthia, who is M.P. (Lab.) for the Stoke Division, is the second daughter of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston.



LORD STRICKLAND.

Head of the Ministry of Malta. An attempt to shoot him was made on May 23 when he was entering the Court of Appeal at Malta in connection with the electoral law case. He was unhurt.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS: FIRES; AN ASTONISHING ACCIDENT; AN EXHIBITION.



THE FIRE WHICH COST THE LIVES OF A HUNDRED AND TEN PILGRIMS RETURNING FROM MECCA: THE FRENCH LINER "ASIA," WHICH WAS ABLAZE IN THE OUTER ANCHORAGE AT JEDDAH ON MAY 21.

When fire broke out in the "Asia," there were aboard her fifteen hundred pilgrims returning from Mecca to Djibouti, French Somaliland. A hundred and ten of these lost their lives. There was considerable panic before and during the efforts made by rescuers, who acted most gallantly, and were recruited not only from the officers and crew of the ship, but from native boatmen and launch-men. As the flames spread, many of the ill-fated pilgrims knelt in prayer.



DEMOLISHING THE "WEMBLEY" OF THE NORTH: FLAMES ROARING ABOUT THE PALACE OF "ENGINEERING" DURING THE DISMANTLING OF THE NORTH-EAST COAST EXHIBITION AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

It will be recalled that the Prince of Wales opened the North-East Coast Exhibition of Industry, Science, and Art at Newcastle-on-Tyne in May, 1929. The enterprise covered a large area of the Town Moor. It is now being dismantled. The Palaces of Engineering and Industry were notable among the numerous fine buildings. Air views were published in this paper at the time, and it was then remarked how close was the general resemblance to the famous Wembley Exhibition.



THE WORST FIRE AT BERGEN SINCE THAT OF JANUARY, 1916: BUILDINGS ABLAZE AT NOESTET DURING AN OUTBREAK WHICH RENDERED 400 HOMELESS.

Norway has had two "sensational" fires of late. On May 16 there was an outbreak at Bergen, and within an hour fifty houses at Noestet were involved, vacillating winds spreading the flames in all directions. In three hours the affair was over, but damage estimated at over three million kroner had been done and about a hundred and fifty families, comprising four hundred souls,

(Continued opposite.)



AN ASTONISHING FLYING ACCIDENT: A PRIVATE AEROPLANE CAUGHT IN A TREE ON THE BANK OF A RIVER.

This private aeroplane, which was carrying its owner and a guest, crashed from a height of some thirty-five metres at Châlon-sur-Saône, and fell into a tree in the manner shown, on the very bank of the river. No one was hurt, an astonishing fact, considering all the circumstances.



A WEDDING PRESENT ABLAZE: THE FIRE AT SKOUGUM, THE WOODEN MANOR-HOUSE RESIDENCE OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF NORWAY, OUTSIDE OSLO, were homeless. On the 20th, Skougum, a home of the Crown Prince and Princess of Norway, which is a wooden manor house a few miles outside Oslo, was found to be alight. The greater part of it was destroyed, and the remainder was much damaged. The residence was a wedding present from M. Wedel Jarlsberg, the Norwegian Minister in Paris. It housed various other wedding presents, many of which were saved.



THE EXHIBITION OF SWEDISH ARTS AND CRAFTS AT STOCKHOLM, FOR THE OPENING OF WHICH ROYAL MOURNING WAS CANCELLED: AN AIR VIEW.

As was noted in our last issue, the Exhibition of Swedish Arts and Crafts was opened at Stockholm on May 16 by King Gustav. It was his Majesty's first public appearance since the funeral of the Queen of Sweden, and mourning was cancelled for the day. The setting is the old Royal deer park beside Lake Djurgårdsbrunn, on which craft ply for hire.

EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE IN BURMA: RAVAGED RANGOON AND PEGU.



A WORLD-FAMOUS BUILDING WHOSE ROOF WAS DAMAGED: THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON, WHICH IS CREDITED WITH CONTAINING RELICS OF GAUTAMA AND OF THE THREE BUDDHAS WHO PRECEDED HIM IN THIS WORLD.



IN DEVASTATED PEGU, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BURMA, AND STILL A CENTRE OF THE TIMBER AND RICE TRADES: THE WRECKED MUNICIPAL OFFICES OF THE TOWN, WHOSE INHABITANTS NUMBER SOME NINETEEN THOUSAND.



AS IT APPEARS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE: THE DAMAGED SHWEHMAWDRAW PAGODA, PEGU, A SHRINE SAID TO HOLD TWO HAIRS OF BUDDHA.



WHERE OVER FIFTY PEOPLE PERISHED: THE WRECKED MYOCHITE CINEMA, IN PEGU, WHICH COLLAPSED UPON AN AUDIENCE OF EIGHTY PEOPLE AND AFTERWARDS TOOK FIRE.

As we have had occasion to note before, a devastating earthquake occurred in Burma on the evening of May 5, and was followed by fire. Rangoon and Pegu, the ancient capital, suffered much, and the latter was almost razed to the ground. In Rangoon it was reported that there had been forty-six deaths; that some two hundred people had been injured; that over forty buildings had collapsed; and that the Secretariat Buildings had been badly wrecked. Damage was done to the roof of the world-famous Shwe Dagon Pagoda, the most venerated and most visited of all the places of worship in Indo-China, for the reason that it is credited with containing relics of Gautama and of the three Buddhas who preceded him in this world. In connection with this, we should point out that, in our issue of May 17,



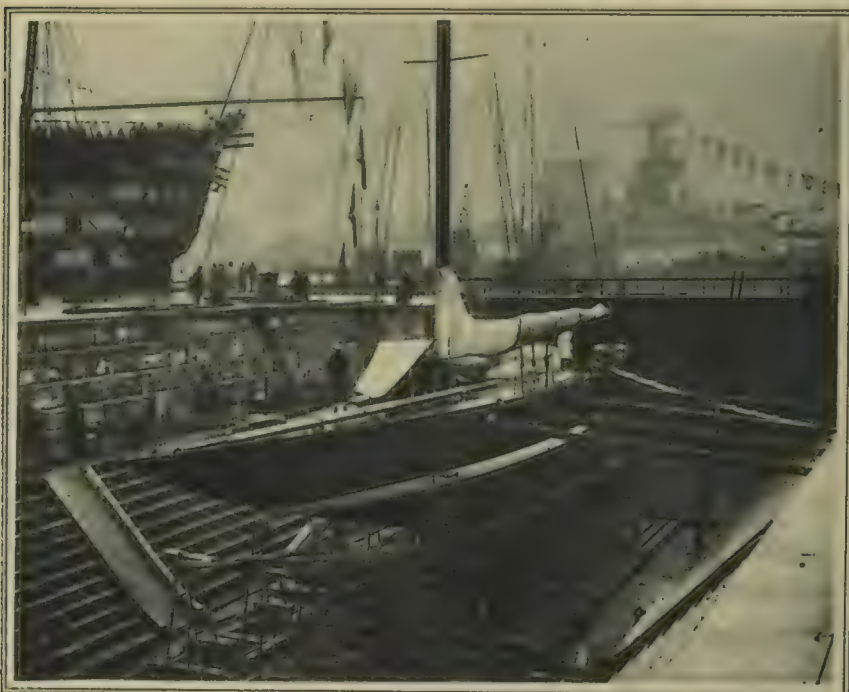
DAMAGE AT THE SHWEHMAWDRAW PAGODA, PEGU: THE ENTRANCE TO THE FAMOUS SHRINE AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE—A CLUTTER OF MASONRY.



ONE OF THE MANY BUILDINGS DESTROYED IN PEGU AND ITS DISTRICT BY THE EARTHQUAKE AND THE FIRE WHICH FOLLOWED IT: THE GOVERNMENT HIGH SCHOOL WRECKED.

we published a photograph purporting to illustrate the Shwe Dagon Pagoda which, in fact, showed it only in the far distance, and not in the foreground, as we indicated. This was owing to a mistake made by a photographer. Here we give a "close-up" view of the Pagoda. As to Pegu, where, it is estimated, over fifteen hundred people lost their lives, a very large proportion of the city was ruined, including the Shwehmadaw Pagoda, which is a shrine of great sanctity and is said to contain two hairs of Buddha. In Pegu, more particularly, fire followed the earthquake, due, it has been said, to the fact that the overhead electric cables were broken down, and this did as much harm as the shock itself, if it did not do more.

NAVAL AND MILITARY MATTERS: SHIPS; HIGH COMMANDS; PAGEANTRY.



"SHAMROCK V" AMID HISTORIC NAVAL SURROUNDINGS: THE YACHT IN DRY DOCK FOR OVERHAUL AT PORTSMOUTH—SHOWING THE "VICTORY" (LEFT) AND H.M.S. "WARSPITE" (RIGHT).

Sir Thomas Lipton's new racing yacht, "Shamrock V," recently returned to Gosport flying five winning flags won at Harwich and Southend, and was then taken to dry dock at Portsmouth for overhaul and repairs. In the left background is seen the "Victory," and on the right the battle-ship "Warspite," which lately returned from Malta, as shown below. Details of "Shamrock V" are illustrated on three pages in this number.



A NEW EVENT IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA: A TANK CROSSING A PONTOON BRIDGE DURING REHEARSALS OF A COMBINED DISPLAY.



A CHARGE OF KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR ARRANGED FOR THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: REHEARSING A PICTURESQUE INCIDENT OF A DISPLAY BY THE 17-21ST LANCERS.



NOW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: ADMIRAL SIR ERNLE CHATFIELD LEAVING "NELSON" ON RELINQUISHING THE ATLANTIC COMMAND.

On May 26, Sir Michael Hodges, Second Sea Lord of the Admiralty, was succeeded in that post by Vice-Admiral Sir Cyril Fuller, and was himself appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet. On the following day he transferred his flag to H.M.S. "Nelson" at Portsmouth. Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield, whom Sir Michael Hodges has succeeded in the Command of the Atlantic Fleet,



LEAVING MALTA WITH THE PREVIOUS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE MEDITERRANEAN (ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK FIELD): H.M.S. "WARSPITE" PASSING THE BREAKWATER.



SIR FREDERICK FIELD (CENTRE) BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO THE CHIEF OFFICERS IN MALTA: A GROUP INCLUDING LADY STRICKLAND (6TH FROM RIGHT), WHOSE HUSBAND WAS LATELY SHOT AT.

Important changes in the higher commands of the Navy took place on May 26. Sir Michael Hodges, Second Sea Lord of the Admiralty, was succeeded in that post by Vice-Admiral Sir Cyril Fuller, and was himself appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet. On the following day he transferred his flag to H.M.S. "Nelson" at Portsmouth. Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield, whom Sir Michael Hodges has succeeded in the Command of the Atlantic Fleet,

has become Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean. His flag was struck in the "Nelson" on May 26, and was hoisted on the following morning in the "Queen Elizabeth," which returns to the Mediterranean as flagship after a long refit. Sir Frederick Field, who had been Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean for two years, arrived at Portsmouth on the 26th, in H.M.S. "Warspite," which had been temporarily serving as flagship in the Mediterranean.



THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET: ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL HODGES (LEFT), WHO WAS PREVIOUSLY SECOND SEA LORD AT THE ADMIRALTY. He was hoisted on the following morning in the "Queen Elizabeth," which returns to the Mediterranean as flagship after a long refit. Sir Frederick Field, who had been Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean for two years, arrived at Portsmouth on the 26th, in H.M.S. "Warspite," which had been temporarily serving as flagship in the Mediterranean.

"DREAM" GARDENS IN MATERIAL FORM AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW.



THE CHARM OF STONWORK AND STATUARY, IN THE FORMAL MANNER:
A SUNK GARDEN EXHIBITED BY HORSECOMBE QUARRIES, BATH.



AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL: A FORMAL GARDEN SHOWN BY W. H. GAZE
AND SONS, KINGSTON, WITH A SUMMER-HOUSE, POOL, AND PERGOLA.



WITH A ROUND STONE POOL, ENCIRCLED WITH IRIS IN FULL BLOOM,
AS A CENTRAL FEATURE; A SUNK GARDEN, BY THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO.



THE BEAUTY OF PERFECT LAWNS: A GRASS AND POOL COURT, WITH
SPIRAL TOPIARY, SHOWN BY JAMES MacDONALD, HARPENDEN.



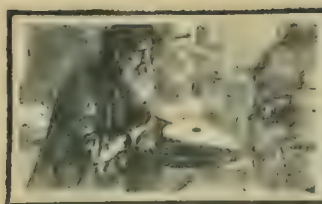
AN ART THAT IMITATES NATURE: A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF A SANDSTONE
ROCK-GARDEN EXHIBITED BY CAPTAIN B. H. B. SYMONS-JEUNE, OLD WINDSOR.



SUGGESTING A MOORLAND WATERFALL TRANSFERRED TO LONDON:
A PICTURESQUE ROCK-GARDEN BY G. G. WHITELEGG, CHISLEHURST.

The Spring Show of the Royal Horticultural Society—generally known as the Chelsea Flower Show—was opened to the public in the gardens of the Royal Hospital, on May 21, providing once more an abundance of delights for the garden-lover. On the previous afternoon the King and Queen had made a tour of the Show, accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester, and were much pleased with its manifold attractions. As usual, a very popular feature of the Chelsea Show was the series of gardens laid out in various styles. The formal gardens afforded a diversity of pleasant settings, with summer-houses, statuary,

stone pools and paving, pergolas, topiary, and other details, while the surrounding flowers and flowering shrubs provided a wealth of colour. There were also to be seen at Chelsea some fascinating rock-gardens, in which the beauties of moorland streams and cascades had been cunningly reproduced by an art that conceals art. This year the rock-gardens, which extended for a considerable distance, had a more homogeneous character than on previous occasions. Most of them were arranged in a realistic setting of rock pools and running water, with a fine show of alpine and other rock plants.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



DRAGONS OF THE AIR.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

WHEN our first parents aspired to be "as gods, knowing good and evil," they somehow failed to get a clean-cut conception of which was which. Ever since, good and evil have been the warp and woof of all our actions: even yet, evil is the more conspicuous feature of our mental make-up. The beasts of the field have never been able to compete with man in cunning or cruelty. Throughout his reign he has created only that which is fleeting, and ruthlessly destroyed, and is destroying, that which is permanent, or relatively so. He has callously exploited Nature, not so much of malice aforethought as with brutish indifference. The savagery of savages is mild compared with the savagery of civilisation.

It is therefore restful, at times, to contemplate the world before the advent of that fallen and destroying angel, "Man." Let us try and dwell for a space on the world as it was a few million years ago, from the Jurassic to the Chalk Age; a world of almost awesome silence where animated nature presented forms utterly unlike anything now living. My thoughts were turned into this train while, the other evening, at the Royal Society, I listened to a most fascinating lecture by Professor D. M. S. Watson on flying dragons, or pterodactyles (Figs. 2 and 3). Few people, probably, realise that such creatures ever existed. Some may have given them a passing glance in some museum, but that glance provoked no curiosity, no desire to know what manner of creatures they were, or where or how they lived. Yet they are indeed worth while considering.

When they first appeared on the earth they had no rivals, either in the air or on the earth beneath, except the birds: for the day of the mammals had hardly dawned. As touching the birds we have some material evidence as to their ancestry, though that is not much. But of the pterodactyles we have nothing. They have come down to us as finished products. They seem to be not

But this is not all. In the bird and the bat, the wing is flexed, or folded, by bringing the hand up against the fore-arm by the hinge-like action of the wrist-joint. In the pterodactyles this hinge is formed at the outermost end of the fifth metacarpal; that is to say, of the outermost of the "palm-bones" of our hand (Fig. 3). It was relatively of massive proportions, and this because, with the succeeding finger-joints, it had to support the wing-

to this view, they "planed" along the surface of the sea, using the feet, which may have been webbed, to enable them to rise again for a fresh "swoop" downwards. Having regard to the fact that the leg down to the ankle was saddled with the support for the extension of the wing-membrane, the foot alone was free, and, if they were thus hampered, one cannot help regarding the above suggestion as a little unconvincing.

Some species at least, it would seem, may have been cliff-dwellers, nesting in caves and hunting small surface-fish by the shore or on lakes, tern-fashion. But some, with an equal degree of probability, may have been dwellers inland, preying upon insects, or the larger species on the smaller, much as hawks hunt to-day. We can, however, feel quite sure that they were as intensively adjusted to an aerial life as are the bats, wherein they differ from the birds. Why some retained this primitive long tail while others lost it is not a theme for profitable speculation. In this matter they resemble the bats. And who can say why some bats have long tails and some none, or next to none?

The form of the jaws, in the matter of their food, helps us but little. But they have yet some interesting things to tell us. As with the birds, the tribe at first had tooth-bearing jaws. But, again, as with the birds, in course of time these teeth gave place to horny sheaths investing the bony skeleton of the jaw, exactly as in birds, as may be seen in Fig. 1. While the material for the chalk cliffs of Old England was being accumulated, there were already pterodactyles with these bird-like beaks, and they attained to their maximum in the huge jaws of Pteranodon of the Chalk Age, Kansas, U.S.A. (Fig. 1), showing, by the way, the enormous range of these singular animals.

Pteranodon, by the way, has the beak of an adjutant stork, and, furthermore, has the crown of the skull produced backwards, with a great bony crest which, it is believed, afforded attachment to large muscles in order to counteract the leverage of this beak.

It was the "last word" in flying dragons, a veritable giant, having a span across the wings of about 18 feet. No other flying creature has ever attained to these enormous dimensions, while the earliest members of the tribe were no bigger than sparrows. All the

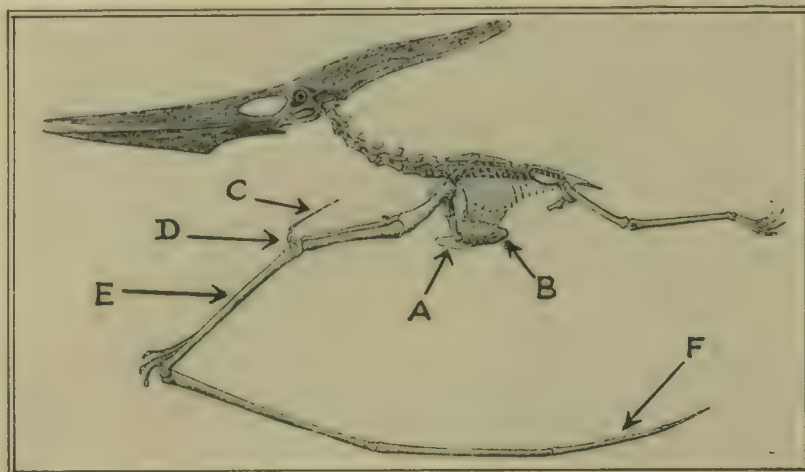


FIG. 1. A GIANT WITH 18-FT. WING-SPAN: THE STORK-HEADED PTERANODON.

The span of the wings of this gigantic species was 18 feet, exceeding that of any bird. The beak resembles that of an adjutant stork. The great beam-like projection from the skull is believed to have served for the attachment of muscles; but it may merely have functioned as a counterpoise to the weight of the beak. The breast-bone bore a distinct keel (A). The other letters indicate: (B) sternum; (C) bony rod; (D) wrist-joint; (E) metacarpal of fifth digit; (F) finger.

membrane. But in the earliest and smallest of these creatures there was a "double-joint," inasmuch as some flexion was possible at the wrist-joint, as will be seen in Fig. 3. In the larger types, to be mentioned presently, this wrist-joint flexure was almost completely lost, the wing being folded only at the joint between the fifth metacarpal and the finger-joints. This remarkable point seems never to be referred to in descriptions of these singular creatures.

The wing seems, at first sight, disproportionately large when compared with the size of the rest of the body, which has a curiously frail appearance. Of course, this was not so, since the size of the wing was exactly adjusted to the work required of it. The muscles which moved these wings arose, as in the birds, from a broad shield-shaped sternum, or breast bone, furnished with a keel (Fig. 1). But this sternum is relatively smaller than in the birds, while the clavicles—answering to the "merry-thought" in birds—were much more massive than in birds. But the flight was not bird-like, or like that of the bats, but was rather a gliding flight: they were, in fact, the first gliders.

There may seem to be no particular interest in the statement that the hip-girdle was reptilian in form, and not like that of the birds, wherein the grip of the "haunch-bones" on either side is so firm as to bring about the fusion of the vertebrae they embrace to form a solid mass of bone known as the "syn-sacrum." But the form of this girdle affords an index to the mode of life of these creatures, for it shows us that they could neither walk nor hop like birds. Indeed, from the form of the girdle, and the slender fashioning of the hind-legs, we may be pretty sure that they served chiefly as supports for the wing-membranes. From the slender form of the toes one is tempted to imagine that they served to suspend the body bat-fashion, head downwards. We must be a little cautious here, however, for this suspensory work may have been done by the short-clawed fingers of the wing, though these may have been used to hold food and convey it to the mouth while on the wing.

Where did these old flying dragons live; and on what did they feed? It has been suggested that their haunts were by the sea-shore, where they caught surface-fish, much, perhaps, as terns do to-day. At times, according

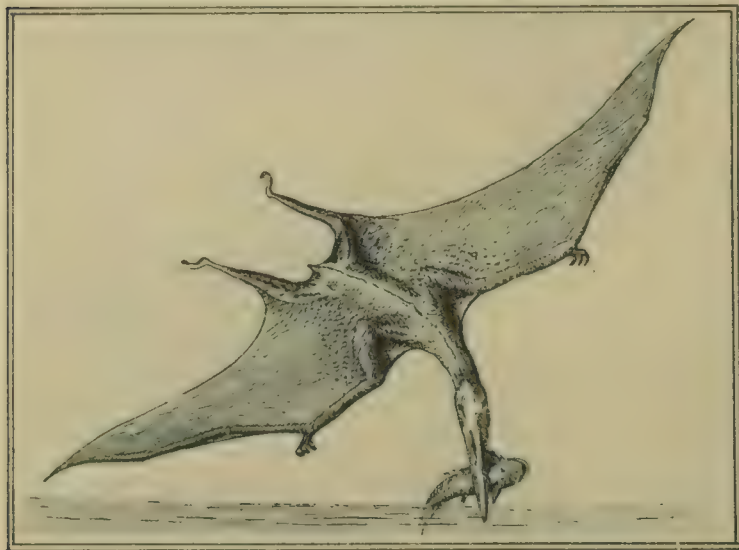


FIG. 2. A PTERODACTYLE IN FLIGHT: A RESTORATION DRAWING.

The pterodactyle was one of a group wherein the tail had become reduced to a mere vestige. The leg, it will be noticed, serves to expand the wing-membrane, which is attached to the arm and an enormously elongated fifth finger. In the bats a similar membrane is stretched between long and extremely slender fingers.

remotely related to the birds, inasmuch as the brain, of which we have natural casts, is bird-like, and they resemble birds in their hollow bones. Further than this we cannot go. From air-filled bones of the skin it would seem that neither scales nor feathers clothed the body. The wing of these creatures, considered by itself, is a very singular structure. And it becomes still more so when examined in comparison with the wing of the bird, on the one hand, and the wing of the bat on the other. Each of these indeed, though formed of the same elements, is fashioned in a totally different way.

In these ancient flying dragons there were but four fingers; though the first, answering to our thumb, it has been contended, was represented by a rod bent back upon itself to form the edge of the wing-membrane between the wrist-joint and the body; but this is improbable, the rod in question being rather an ossified tendon. The next three fingers were quite small, and bore large claws. The fifth finger was of enormous proportions, forming a long, bony, jointed rod for the support and extension of the wing-membrane, forming its anterior border. Its hinder border extended from the wing tip inwards to enclose the hind-leg and the tail (Fig. 2), as in the bats of to-day.



FIG. 3. PTERODACTYLUS SPECTABILIS EMBEDDED IN A SLAB OF ROCK: A FOSSIL FROM UPPER JURASSIC BEDS IN BAVARIA.

The dead body was apparently covered with mud as it lay, and hence the slight bending of the wings at the wrist joint (B) is perfectly natural. The true joint, to permit of the folding of the wing, was between the metacarpal or "palm-bone" (A) and the phalanges, or finger-joints (C).

energy and vitality of the race seemed to have been sapped in the process of producing these giants of the air. For with them, strange to relate, their kind vanished from the face of the earth.

LOCUSTS: THEIR EGG-LAYING HABITS; AND METHODS OF DESTROYING THEM.



1. AS DEPOSITED BY A MOTHER LOCUST SOME THREE INCHES DOWN IN THE SAND: AN UNDISTURBED CYLINDER, OR "CARTRIDGE," OF LOCUST EGGS (SLIGHTLY OVER HALF NATURAL SIZE).



2. SHOWING A FROTHY FOAM AT THE TOP WHICH ADMITS AIR TO THE EGGS BELOW AND ENABLES THE MAGGOTS TO EMERGE: A CYLINDER OF LOCUST EGGS.



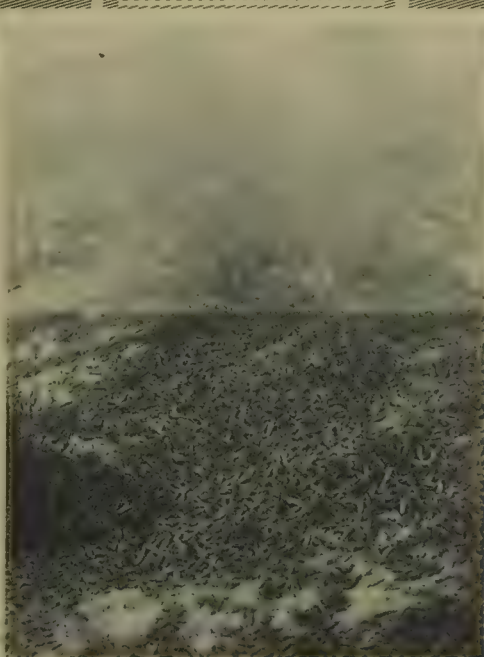
3. NOTHING COMES AMISS TO THE LOCUST'S KEEN APPETITE: A PHOTOGRAPHER'S BOX COVERED WITH A SWARM OF THE OMNIVOROUS INSECTS TRYING THEIR TEETH ON IT!



4. AN INCIDENTAL MISADVENTURE DURING THE ANTI-LOCUST CAMPAIGN: A MOTOR-CAR HALF-SUBMERGED IN A SUDDEN TORRENT, CAUSED BY A HEAVY FALL OF RAIN, IN A WADI BED THAT WAS NORMALLY DRY.



5. HOW THE LOCUST ARMIES IN THE HOPPING STAGE ARE TRAPPED: SWARMS OF THE INSECTS, HELD UP IN THEIR MARCH BY A METAL SHEET FENCE, DROPPING INTO A PIT FROM WHICH THEY CANNOT ESCAPE.



6 "MECHANISED" WARFARE AGAINST LOCUSTS: A VAST SWARM SCORCHED TO DEATH BY FLAME-THROWERS FROM THE BUSHES ABOVE.



7. CHEMICAL WARFARE AGAINST LOCUSTS: MIXING BRAN WITH SODIUM ARSENITE AND MOLASSES, AS A POISON BAIT, IN A FIELD LABORATORY AT BEEKSHEBA.



8. RECALLING THE "BOTTOMLESS PIT" WHENCE CAME THE LOCUSTS DESCRIBED IN "REVELATION": A DEATH-HOLE FOR LOCUSTS.

Active warfare against a plague of locusts has been carried on this year, with modern methods, including flame-throwers, traps, and poison, both in Palestine and in Sinai (for the protection of Egypt), as described and illustrated in our issues of March 29 and May 3. It was reported early this month that the Jordan valley was clear of locusts, but that cars coming from Syria were plastered with dead locusts from swarms through which they had passed in Northern Palestine, and that the campaign against the "hoppers" would be prolonged into June. Later it was stated that the Transjordan authorities had sent an aeroplane to Cairo for supplies of anti-locust bacilli from the Plant Protection section of the

Ministry of Agriculture. Photograph No. 1 is described as "a locust cylinder photographed undisturbed in the sand as it was deposited by the mother locust. These cylinders have at times been found to reach to a depth of 15 in. from the surface of the ground. Note surface of sand-bed about 3 in. above the cartridge of eggs." A note on No. 4 says: "This normally dry wadi bed was suddenly flooded by heavy rain. In an attempt to cross, the car stranded, and in an hour the stream swelled until all but the top of the car was submerged. It subsided equally fast." In "Revelation" ix., 1 to 11, we read: "And they (the locusts) had a king over them, which is the angel of the bottomless pit."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: VINCENT VAN GOGH—A TRAGIC GENIUS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Vincent van Gogh was so fantastically unhappy that it is difficult even to be brief in writing about him. The terse sentences that he was born in 1853, that he became a passionate evangelist, a salesman in a picture-gallery; that he was consumed

could live with him. This is how Theo writes home from Paris: "The house becomes almost uninhabitable. . . . I hope that it will not be long before he departs. . . . He himself broached the subject not long ago, but as I agreed with him he deliberately takes no further steps. There are two different beings in him—one gifted, sensitive, and sweet; the other insensible and harsh. There is no doubt that he is his own worst enemy; it is not only the lives of others, but his own, that he makes intolerable."

Never was a man so undisciplined, so unruly, so little fitted for the continuous strain which serious work entails. Not even at Arles, in Provence, where the scenery seems to have intoxicated him, could he remain at peace. Some of his finest pictures were painted here; and here that other strange and formidable, but quite logical, genius, Gauguin, came to share his house. The two were eternally at daggers drawn. Van Gogh was exasperated beyond endurance by argument, even by conversation—and finally his privations, his work, and his quarrels overthrew his reason. On Dec. 23, 1888, Van Gogh threatened Gauguin with a razor, "shut himself into his own room, and cut off an ear in a fit of delirium. He put this bleeding ear into an envelope, and gave it to

THERE is a story—which may or may not be true—that during the war Colonel Ward's battalion in Siberia was given an issue of caviare in lieu of the Englishman's more normal rations, and that, when the orderly officer came round to ask if there were any complaints, one man stood up and said, "This jam tastes of fish, Sir." Not many years ago one could see people going round the Tate Gallery and then—I protest this is not an exaggeration—halting doubtfully in front of the Van Gogh pictures there and giving a little sniff, not so much of disdain as of suspicion.

"Fishy!" they said. "That's it! Fishy!" Sometimes they would move on, but more often they stayed and continued to stare at these strangely violent and moving paintings, with their thick impasto and brilliant colour, and a certain vibrant quality which arrested the attention even when it was at first a little disturbing. Since then the public has grown accustomed to the work of a man who, no less than Degas, Manet, and Gauguin, is quite definitely in the "old master" class, and no longer turns up



A PICTURE THAT "SHOWS US A MAN HAUNTED": VINCENT VAN GOGH. (1853-1890)—A SELF-PORTRAIT (PAINTED IN 1888) NOT SEEN IN THIS COUNTRY BEFORE THE PRESENT EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.

Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips arranged to open, at the Leicester Galleries, in Leicester Square, on May 28, an exhibition of paintings by Vincent Van Gogh, whose genius and tragic life are discussed in the accompanying article. Practically all the thirty canvases shown are new to English art-lovers. We reproduce here some of the most interesting examples, including the above self-portrait, which had not hitherto been seen in this country.

its nose at what once produced so great an outcry. Indeed, in these days, poor Van Gogh must be one of the most popular of artists, if the sale of coloured prints of that magnificent canvas, "Sunflowers," is any criterion. It is no longer necessary to proclaim to all and sundry that in him we have an authentic genius, but perhaps the facts of his literally dreadful life are less well known outside the comparatively narrow circle of enthusiasts in nineteenth-century painting. The current exhibition of his works at the Leicester Galleries—mostly, I understand, examples from private collections, and not for sale—illustrates remarkably well both the progression of his technique and the widening of his artistic vision. A fine picture is a fine picture, whatever the circumstances of the artist; but an acquaintance with the artist's character and manner of living is an immense help to a sympathetic understanding of his development. One can deduce a great deal from a picture about the character of its creator; one can see a great deal in a picture when we know something of his life.



"BOATS ON THE BEACH AT SAINTES-MARIES," BY VINCENT VAN GOGH: A PICTURE THAT SUGGESTS AN ARTIST "ONLY ABNORMAL IN HIS INSPIRED VISION OF BEAUTY AND ATMOSPHERIC EFFECTS."

by a passion for painting; that he tramped and starved and sank to the lowest depths of degradation; that he was ignorant and ill-balanced, a religious maniac; that he finally cut off his ear, and a little later shot himself (1890)—these sober statements give no inkling of his self-torture nor of his flaming ambitions. Except for a short period when he was employed by the Goupil Gallery and was reasonably content with the world, he drifted wearily through the slums of Brussels or the lunatic asylum at St. Remy like some disembodied ghost from a Dostoevsky novel. His father was a Dutch pastor, a good man, narrow and pious; he could do nothing with his son, who was brooding and passionate. Not even Vincent's brother Theo, the one person whom he loved,



THE WORK OF "AN AUTHENTIC GENIUS . . . QUITE DEFINITELY IN THE 'OLD MASTER' CLASS": VAN GOGH'S PICTURE "THE SEA AT SAINTES-MARIES," IN THE LEICESTER GALLERIES EXHIBITION OF HIS ART.

the door-portress of a brothel. He then barricaded himself in his room, where the police found him lying unconscious upon the bed." He was confined in the asylum at St. Remy, and later removed to Anvers-sur-Oise, under the care of Dr. Gachet, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Cézanne, Pissarro, and Monet, and treated his patient with the greatest kindness and tact. This was the last phase. He wrote to his brother: "I endanger my life in my work, and I have given it my reason; but you do not trade in the souls of men, and you can consequently choose your own life and act with humanity." He then shot himself.

I have stressed this gloomy story of set purpose, because his pictures—particularly those painted at Arles and at Anvers—are such an astonishing contrast, vivid, throbbing lyrics of pure colour. The sunflowers and irises, so deservedly popular in reproductions, are mainly the work of his last months at the latter place. His house at Arles in this exhibition does not strike one as from the brush of anyone but a cheerful lover of sun and sky. His own self-portrait shows us a man haunted; the boats on the beach might have been painted by a man only abnormal in his inspired vision of beauty and atmospheric effects.



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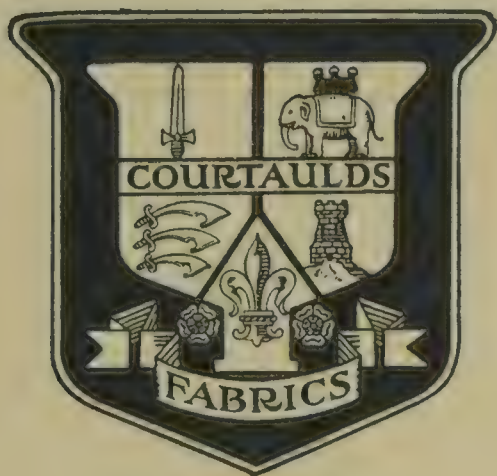
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

EVERY sporting motorist will welcome the decision arrived at by the Stewards of the Royal Automobile Club that Brooklands, as a course, is safe, notwithstanding the unfortunate accident in which a spectator was killed and some others injured besides those in the car concerned. Those of us who have regularly attended the various race meetings know that the course is safe unless the drivers are inexperienced. At the same time, the regrettable death of the spectator and the mechanic of the car, together with the injuries of a serious character received by some half-a-dozen other people, have stirred the R.A.C. stewards to suggest that new regulations are required to deal with the issue of permits to drive in motor races and competitions. As the Jockey Club of motor sport, the R.A.C. have full control to issue or withhold licenses either to clubs to hold race meetings or to individuals to take part in them.

In America, as Colonel Lindsay-Lloyd, C.M.G., one of the vice-chairmen of the club, told me, the American Automobile Association, which controls motor-racing in the U.S.A., appoints a body of very highly-paid officials as a Contest Board to recommend granting either full or limited racing permits to drivers, according to the Board's views as to their capabilities. We have no funds to provide large salaries for our officials in England, and our stewards and committee men who serve on racing and club-competition committees do it gratis for the love of sport. It is now suggested by Earl Howe and others interested in safe racing that drivers should be divided into two classes as regards the permits issued by the competition committee of the club. A Contest Board should be appointed whose personnel should be ex-racing drivers, such as Sir Henry Segrave, Sir Algernon and Mr. K. Lee-Guinness (his brother), who would recommend the class of license to be issued to applicants according to their judgment of the driver's speed experience.

Class A drivers could pilot any racing car, while Class B drivers would be restricted to certain maximum speeds, so could not drive the biggest racers and would be limited to certain competitions. At the present time the R.A.C. permit allows its holder to take part in any speed contest. As for Brooklands track, the question whether any steps could be taken which would increase the safety of spectators was referred to an expert sub-committee consisting of

Mr. S. C. H. Davis, Mr. K. Lee-Guinness, Brig.-General Sir H. C. L. Holden (the designer of the track), Colonel F. Lindsay-Lloyd, and Major Sir Henry Segrave. So far the only constructive criticism I have heard in this direction is that a solid even surface about hub height vertically should be placed on the track side in front of the iron railings now existing down the finishing straight. It is admitted by racing drivers of experience that high-speed cars can cannon off a low solid wall of that character without overturning or leaving the track even if they do this at high speed.

Skegness Motor Races in June.

Holiday resorts fully realise how attractive motor racing is to the public if they can get close to the competing cars and motor-cycles. Sand courses are now quite popular venues for such events. Thus "breezy" Skegness is holding its motor races on Friday and Saturday, June 13 and 14. To race on a Friday and the thirteenth is pressing the superstitious racing motorist overmuch. Some clubs never issue a No. 13 to a competitor, while others scorn all ideas of luck, and refuse to omit this number. Evidently Skegness folk are of the latter category as regards days and dates of the month. Brighton, by the way, is also holding its Motor Rally in June. This gathering of motor-cars from all parts of Europe to win prizes for appearance, for regularity in covering the longest distance, and for acceleration tests, is gaining in popularity every year. The greatest distance competitors are entitled to travel in this year's Brighton Rally is 761 miles. As, however, John o' Groats, Berlin, San Sebastian, Milan, and Marseilles are almost exactly this distance from Brighton, competitors from any of these starting points will have equal chances of gaining the first prize as well as the various class awards. Cars will have to arrive at Brighton during the Saturday, June 28. On Sunday, June 29, the regularity test will be held in by-lanes around Brighton during the morning, leaving the afternoon free; while the following Monday and Tuesday will be devoted to the exhibition of the cars competing for the Concours d'Élégance and the acceleration tests respectively. Full particulars can be obtained from the Hon Sec., Brighton and Hove Motor Club, 10, Prince Albert St., Brighton, Sussex.

Holiday Tours; Beautiful Gardens.

Every week a large number of historic houses and their gardens are available as destinations for a week-end or a day's holiday tour. A small charge is made for admission, which

is given to the Queen's Fund. I am reminded of these lovely spots scattered in all parts of our beautiful England, as Penn House, near Beaconsfield, the home of Earl Howe, the well-known racing motorist, is one of these gardens thrown open to the public for the benefit of this good cause of hospital charity. It is a very pretty run to the village of Penn, where Earl Howe's home is situated. Penn Wood and the view to the distant Chiltern Hills as seen here make the trip well worth while, besides seeing the gardens of Penn House. It is a journey where one saunters along the lanes after turning off the main road at Beaconsfield. Having seen the gardens (they were opened on Thursday, May 15), if the day is the right one—Thursdays, I believe—one can go, by these same lanes, through King's Hill, North Dean, and Speen to Hampden. Here you can return to Beaconsfield without having to touch on a main road. The list of gardens is published each Tuesday in the *Motor* as a guide to seeing England's beauty spots and at the same time aiding a good cause.

High-Speed Lanchester.

I drove 100 miles recently in one of the new eight-cylinder 30-h.p. Lanchester saloon cars. As a high-speed carriage I can thoroughly recommend it, as one rolls along from sixty to eighty miles an hour so quietly and smoothly that one's passengers think they are only travelling at moderate in place of really quite high speed. This is certainly the best model the Lanchester Motor Company have produced. The compression-ratio is 5 to 1, so the engine rated at 30.8-h.p. can use any decent grade of fuel without "pinking" even when crawling up a slight incline at three miles an hour on top gear. In fact, though a driver may use the lower gears as a habit, the car can do all usual fast or slow running on the level or up hills on top gear. The back-axle ratio is 4.375 to 1, so is not low for this 2½-ton carriage. Eight cylinders all in line certainly do produce a marvellous acceleration. One reaches forty miles an hour in a few yards and seventy miles an hour in a few seconds, all on top gear. The gear-changing ratios are well adjusted, so that one can alter the gear up or down easily and without any trouble. The Dewandre vacuum brakes are excellent in stopping the car quickly, and the springs of the chassis accommodate themselves so well that sitting in the rear seat over the back axle is always comfortable, whatever the road conditions. The cost of this chassis is £1325, so that the complete carriage is in the £2000 class.



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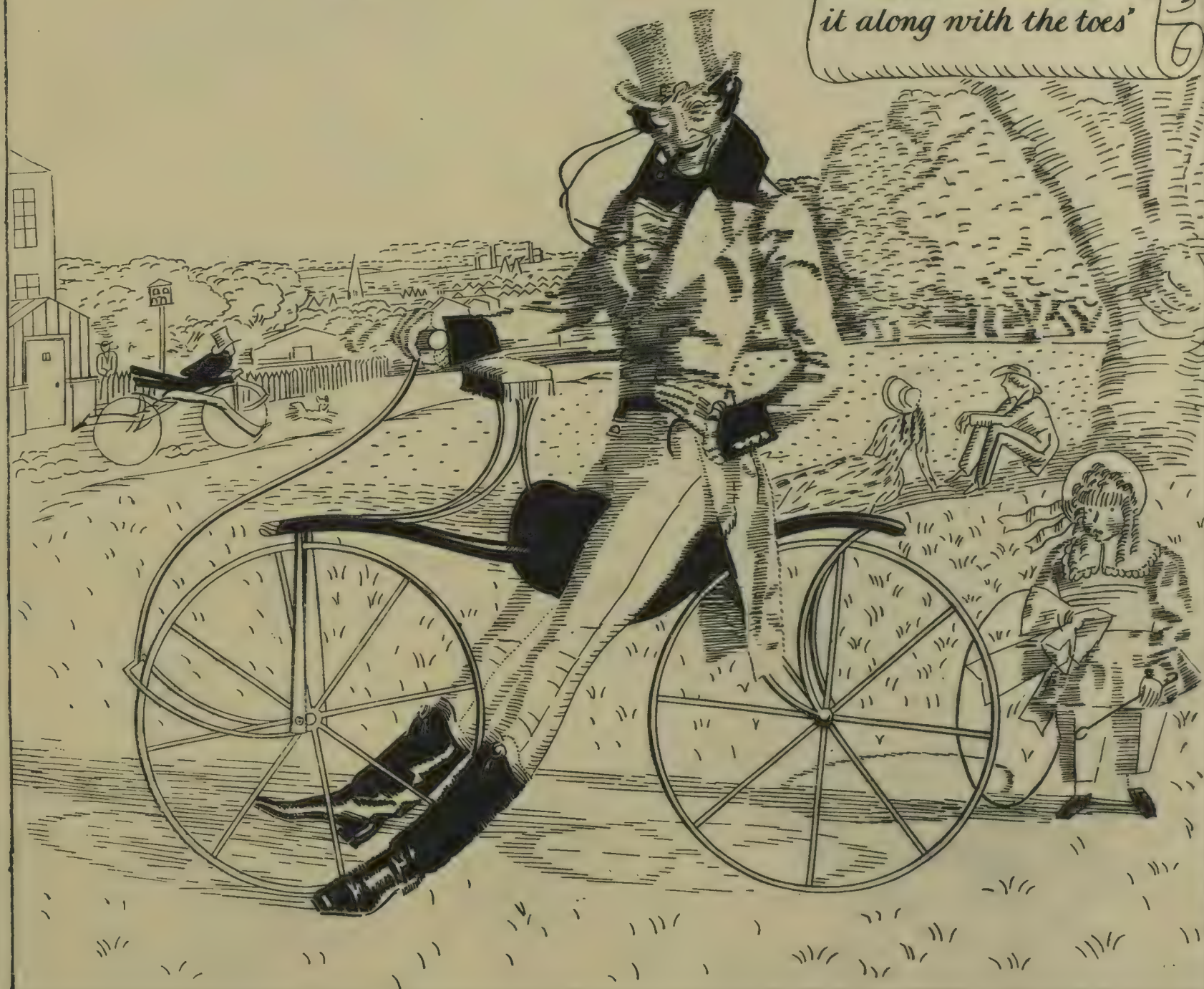
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YACHTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA WATERS.

By J. W. HOBBS.

WHEN Captain George Vancouver, Royal Navy, in H.M. Sloop *Discovery*, in 1792, sailed eastward from the Pacific Ocean, through the Strait of Juan de Fuca, in his search for a passage to the Atlantic Ocean, he entered what appeared to be a great inland sea. He circumnavigated this body of water, and found, after tremendous difficulties, an outlet through myriads of islets at the northern end which took him back again to the Pacific Ocean. Having determined that the passage he was looking for did not exist, he spent the summer of 1792 exploring, sounding, and charting this inland sea, which he named the Gulf of Georgia.

Now, as in the days of Captain Vancouver, modern explorers venture forth to find new waters for cruising and places of interest. This time it is the fleet of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, manned by tired business men, who go forth every week-end from the offices and industries of the young but growing port of Vancouver, which has been built on the shores of Burrard Inlet, one of the many indentations of the eastern shore of the Gulf of Georgia, and so named after its worthy discoverer. The fleet of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club consists of schooners, yawls, and ketches, and all have auxiliary power. The Club also has a number of power cruisers, and the fleet in all numbers about two hundred vessels. The summer anchorage is outside Burrard Inlet and off the south shore of

inlets the mountain-walls rise sheer six thousand feet above the sparkling sea, and the sprawling glaciers, gleaming silver between the peaks, give off colours of rose and green. Within these mountain



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JUST AFTER CROSSING THE FINISHING LINE IN FRONT OF THE PIER, ENGLISH BAY: YACHTS OF THE STAR CLASS.

English Bay, directly in front of the Club-house, which was constructed in 1928. The winter anchorage is just inside Burrard Inlet and in the lee of the tall timbers of Stanley Park.

The Royal Vancouver Yacht Club is proud of the prefix "Royal," which gives its members the right to an Admiralty Warrant and the privilege of flying the Blue Ensign. This privilege is zealously guarded, and the etiquette and use of the Blue Ensign faithfully lived up to, by the yacht owners after they have been granted the much-prized Admiralty Warrant. Each Saturday afternoon, from April to the end of October, one can stand on the shores of English Bay and see yachts of all kinds and sizes leaving on their week-end cruises, which take them to some of the most beautiful places imaginable. One sails along in the zephyr breezes which come across the Gulf of Georgia, and, as evening falls and sails are furled, the auxiliary motor is started and one powers along up some narrow loch, until a place is reached where an anchor can be let down. One of the remarkable things about the Gulf of Georgia and the whole coast line of British Columbia is the tremendous depth of water, and therefore the difficulty of finding a place shallow enough to anchor.

The shores rise more or less abruptly from the sea, forming in places precipitous headlands. Behind these rise the Rockies, to an average height of eight thousand feet, with peaks reaching ten thousand and eleven thousand feet, which remain snow-covered the year round. The scenery, although wild and rugged, is yet full of grandeur and beauty. In some of the

lochs, termed locally inlets, the water is almost as deep as the mountains are high, and therefore the welcome

raft of logs, on its way to the mills in Vancouver and tied up for the night to rings the lumbermen have fixed in the rocky walls, is a frequent overnight berth for a yacht. It is the great depth of these inlets, with their mountainous shores and impetuous tides, that makes the British Columbia yachtsman a careful navigator. When navigating the inlets, the yachtsman likes a safe berth each evening before darkness overtakes

him, as there are no lighthouses to guide him, and, as shadows fall, it becomes extraordinarily difficult to judge distances accurately. Many a yachtsman indeed, has anchored, as he thought, a few yards off shore, but when daylight dawned found that he was a mile or more away, having misjudged the distance in the failing light of the night before, owing to the shadows and reflections in the water. The Gulf of Georgia is like a huge lake, and the inlets are like rivers entering the lake, and they, in turn, are fed, during the summer months, by hundreds of mountain torrents which have their source in the melting glaciers. A yacht can sail all day and night in the open Gulf, having to give little consideration to the tides; but, on entering the channels between the islands, one has to be ever on one's guard for uncharted pinnacles of rock, especially in the smaller

channels not used by the coast-wise steamers. These are the sort of places that the Vancouver yachtsmen explore each week-end, and here they find the oddest of Indian tribes with their queer totem poles and ceremonial masks; also the salmon canneries, whaling-stations, strange settlements, vivid reminders of the old-time mining days. They also find opportunities to fish and shoot in season on Crown lands, without having to ask permission of anyone. The hills abound with deer and grouse, and pheasants are plentiful on some of the islands, while waters teem with salmon, which, unfortunately, rarely take the fly, but afford excellent sport when hooked on a spinner at the end of line from reel and medium-weight rod.

In this Alpine fairyland of British Columbia, which extends for four hundred miles from Vancouver to the Alaskan boundary, and thence another thousand miles to the Behring Sea, one may roam at one's leisure, visiting new scenery and new places every day, and several years would be required to see all the places of interest. Visitors have described the British Columbia coast to the writer as a combination of Norway, the Mediterranean, and the Western Highlands of Scotland, but the visitor invariably adds that the places mentioned are only a pocket edition of the territory described. Here, amid the grandeur of jumbled peaks, forests,

sea waters which rush through the narrow channels like rapids, first one way and then the other, according to the ebb and flow of the tide, men may find rest for work-tired bodies and minds. The thrill of navigating through winding channels, among mountain ranges, amidst the most wonderful scenery it is possible to imagine, will go a long way towards restoring health and happiness.

It is not surprising that few European yachtsmen visit British Columbia waters: when you look at the maps you note the great distances, but, as travel conditions are nowadays made so easy, it is a pity that more of those who like yachting do not come to the British Columbia coast, as it is safe to say if they came once they would come again. Yachting in many parts of the world is considered a rich man's luxury, but in British Columbia most of the yachts are manned by the owner and a few friends, and the heavy expense of maintaining a large crew is wiped out. The yachts are so arranged that even the owner, with the help of his family, can navigate under power, as modern gadgets are provided which bring engine-controls to the tiller, and the operation is no more complicated than that of running a motor-car. A visitor who knew something of boats could charter a boat and hire a guide in Vancouver who would act as a deck-hand, and, with the services of a Chinese cook, he could, at very moderate cost, spend his holidays in glorious surroundings and receive more for his money in health, recreation, sport, and scenery than in any other part of the world.



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MARINE CARAVANNING.—LXXXIII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

INTERNATIONAL agreements that are framed with the object of improving trade or the chances of universal peace do not always attain their goal so well as a great sporting event between the countries concerned. A quarrel of any sort is almost impossible if both sides understand each other properly and have something in common, and there is no better medium by which this can be attained than by healthy competition in pastimes and sport. For this reason, those who take part in any way, whether they are chosen to represent their country or not, are crusaders in the cause of universal good-will between all peoples.

Yachting, perhaps, more than any other pastime, is exceptional in this respect, for it not only affords easy transport to foreign lands for those who indulge in it, but also its followers of all nations become bound together by that "freemasonry of the sea" that creates tolerance and understanding. If everyone in the world was brought up with an intimate knowledge of the sea, there would be no more wars that were engineered from offices.

Though, happily, war is unthinkable between this country and our cousins in America, every means whereby a closer union between the two nations can be promoted should be fostered. Few have done more in this way than Sir Thomas Lipton by his repeated efforts to win back the America's Cup. He has earned for himself and his country a regard on the other side of the water that will long outlive him. True sportsmanship has always been his motto, and it has brought its own reward. This year, when he will make his fifth attempt, he is to be paid back in his own coin even more generously than ever before.

America, as the holder of the Cup, is rightly entitled to leave unaltered the conditions under which she originally won it. They ordain, amongst other things, that the challenger must cross the Atlantic on her own bottom. This was not a great handicap in the old days when all yachts were staunch seagoing craft, but in these days of yachts of the extreme racing type the rule becomes harsh. It permits the holder of the Cup to employ a pure "racing

and arrangement of the sails are retained, so *Shamrock* has been designed to conform to them. In the eyes of some British yachtsmen, therefore, she is not all that they consider a yacht of her type should be. There are thus two schools of thought, and, until they unite and agree on some common formula, will between them tend to restrict rather than foster healthy competition between the two nations. This is recognised by many far-seeing yachtsmen on both sides of the water, who, for the good of the sport generally, are making their influence felt with a view to changing the existing state of affairs.

Apart from the fascination of yachting, it has advantages that only its lovers realise. The slogan "Back to the Land" has succeeded in a way that was not intended by its coiners. Ever-increasing numbers go to the country, but they stay only for the holidays or week-ends, and spend most of those periods swelling the already heavy traffic on the roads. Every day more than eighteen persons are killed in traffic accidents and 468 are injured. Though these figures are staggering, they in no way portray all the damage suffered, for nerve strain, the results of which are impossible to calculate, claims a far larger number of victims.

The only cure for this state of affairs is to offer holiday-makers an alternative that is no more expensive and equally attractive. The water or the air is all that remains. "Back to the Water" should be the slogan for British holiday-makers. Millions practise it already, but they do not go far enough. They stop short at the water's edge in cheap lodgings instead of venturing and living afloat. Apart from the greater safety afforded by holidays afloat, the water offers that tranquillity so essential to tired and overstrung nerves and the pure air that is so often lacking on the roads.

(Continued overleaf)



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machine" that might not care to brave the Atlantic but that has a better chance of winning. American yachtsmen have recognised this fact, and, being sportsmen, have agreed from this year to forgo their advantage to the extent that both yachts will in future be built to Lloyd's requirements, so neither will be of the extreme type and both will be approximately equal as regards weight and strength. The American rules that govern the design of the hulls and the area

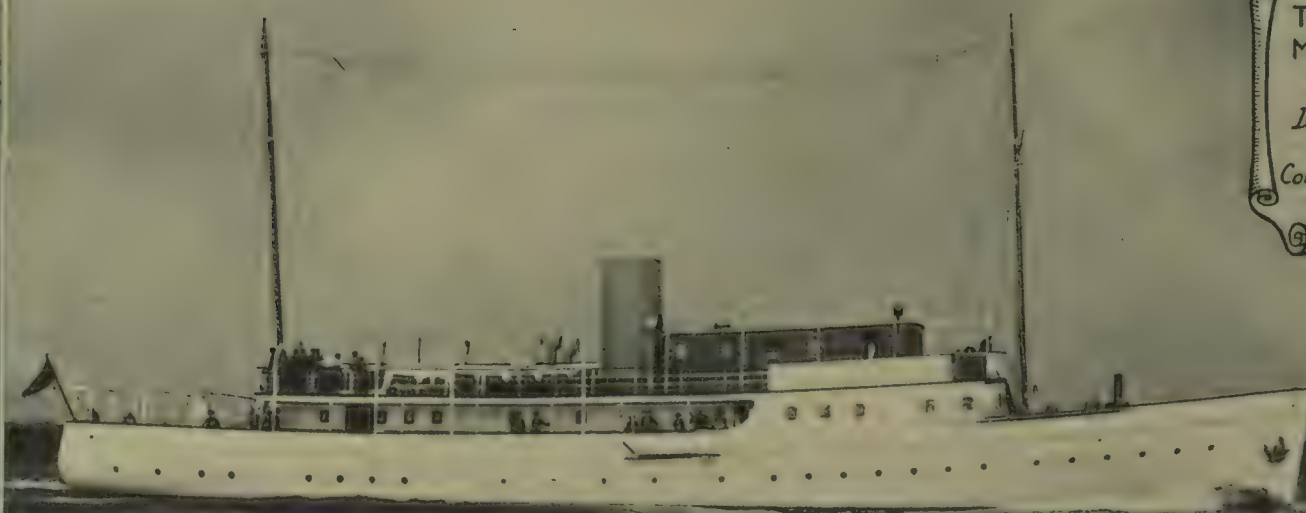
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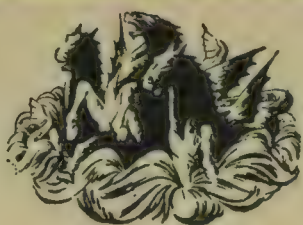
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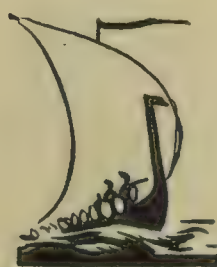
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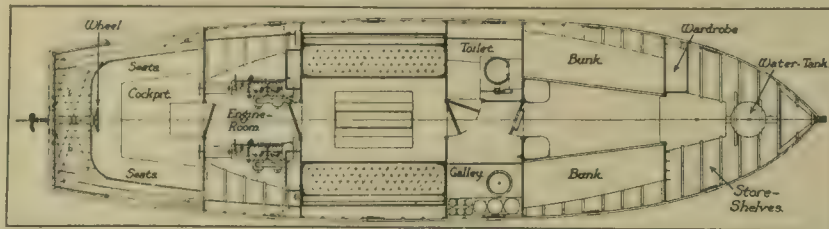
Lanssen

(Continued.)

At this time of year, and in this issue, which is more than usually devoted to yachting, a short mention of some of this year's productions and the activities of British firms may be helpful to those still in search of vessels. As usual, Messrs. Thornycroft have produced many interesting boats, and one of the most outstanding is the 48-ft. high-speed cruising hydroplane *Bon Partout*, which has been built for use chiefly in the Mediterranean. Her hull is on the lines of the famous coastal motor-boats, and is fitted with one of their thirteen-cylinder 450-h.p. engines that gives her a speed of 45 m.p.h. (39 knots). She is also fitted with a Thornycroft 35-h.p. engine for slow cruising at about eight knots. Her accommodation comprises a saloon fitted with wide seats on each side that draw out to provide sleeping berths, a cupboard and side-board with drawers and mirror, also a mahogany wardrobe. Even a double tea- and cocktail-table with an ice-box below is supplied. A pantry and toilet-room are also fitted. Electric-light is fitted throughout, whilst there is also an electrically-driven bilge-pump and an electric fan for the engine-room. It is natural that this firm should be busy all the year round, for they concentrate on the export market, so have no seasonable fluctuations. They have branches in Montreal and Toronto, and have lately, through their enterprising agents, the General Trading Company, 847, Pender Street West, invaded the canning and fishing industry in Vancouver and the British Columbia coasts with their engines and boats.

This season should be one that is more than usually interesting for those who watch the trend of engine-design. Several builders have placed on the market high-speed Diesel engines that are hardly larger than petrol or paraffin engines of the same power. They have no electric ignition, of course, so many of the usual troubles with boat engines will cease to exist with them, whilst the cheapness of their fuel and the small amount they use will appeal to most owners. I have not yet had the opportunity to try any of them in a

boat, but hope shortly to carry out a trial of a Gleniffer high-speed Diesel that is being installed in the yacht of a friend. This engine is made in several sizes, some of which are small enough to suit small cruisers, and, what is more, they are neat in appearance and also compact.



A NEW STANDARD 35-FT. MOTOR-CRUISER NOW BEING BUILT BY THE BERGIUS COMPANY OF GLASGOW, AND COSTING £885 COMPLETE FOR SEA.

It is curious how, as time goes on, each boat-builder specialises in some particular type of boat. The British Power-Boat Company, of Hythe, for instance, concentrate solely on fast boats. Till



"BON PARTOUT": A 48-FT. CRUISING HYDROPLANE. This vessel was built by Messrs. Thornycroft for Major John Coats. It has an engine of 450-h.p., and attains a speed of 39 knots.

recently, they have all been of the pleasure variety, but, as speed for its own sake soon becomes a monotony and the market is limited, they have wisely produced

a vessel of the fast utility type called the "Sea Jack" class. They claim that it is the first express utility boat to be produced in the world. She is a 23-ft. craft, with a 6-ft. beam and 2 ft. 3 in. draught, of 75-h.p., and can attain a speed of over 27 m.p.h. (22½ knots), her price being £398 completely equipped.

She rather reminds me of a light delivery van that is used as such on week-days and takes the family out on Sundays, for she is designed to carry a load of about one ton of cargo, yet is suitable for camping and other pleasure purposes. She should make a handy tender for small sailing racing yachts.

Few firms have specialised in utility craft of moderate speeds more than the Bergius Company. Their famous Kelvin engines are, of course, found in all classes of vessels, including many pleasure craft. Apparently, this firm are not content to rest on the reputation they have made, for they are now building a standard 35-ft. twin-screw motor-cruiser that will sell for £885 complete with two 7½-9-h.p. Kelvin engines, with electric light, or £985 if 15-18-h.p. engines are fitted. The first boat has not yet been launched, but the attached line-drawing will indicate what she will be like when completed.

Yet another new model is one that has been placed on the market by Messrs. J. W. Brooke, Ltd., of Lowestoft. She is a runabout, and the first one has been ordered by a New York firm, which speaks well for British products. She is 20-ft. long and 5-ft. beam, and is built of teak throughout. Her power unit is also new, being one of the newly-produced six-cylinder 15-40-h.p. Brooke engines, which gives the boat a guaranteed speed of 20 m.p.h. (17.3 knots). This vessel should not be confused with the standard 18-ft. "Empire" runabout that the firm have built for some while, for she is larger and heavier in every way than the latter. Finally, there is the Johnson *de luxe* Aquaflyer runabout, which is engined with a 32-h.p. Johnson outboard engine. This is the last word in outboard boats, and can be inspected at Mr. Arthur Bray's show-rooms at 114, Baker Street.



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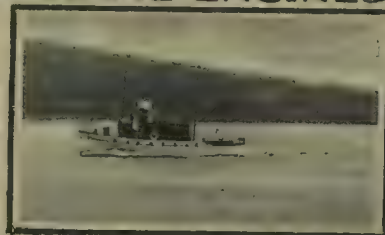
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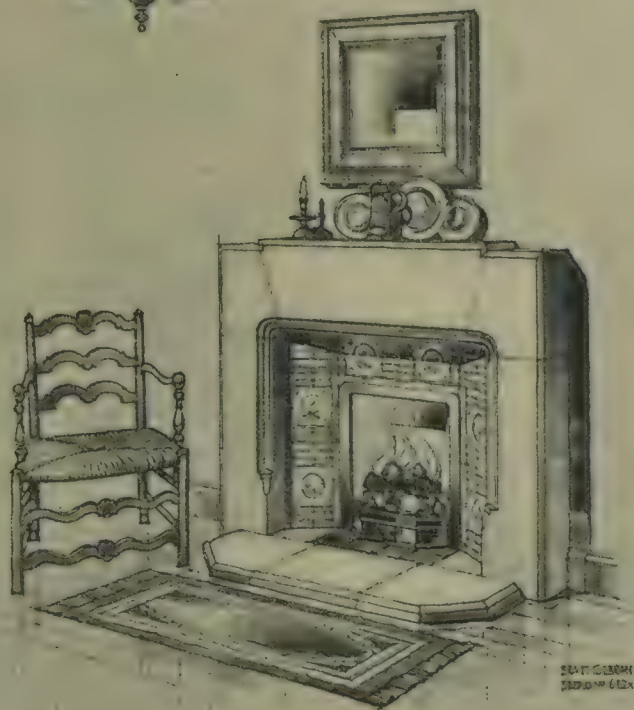
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SHOWING THE FINE STRETCH OF SAND, WHICH FORMS A SPLENDID BATHING-BEACH: THE BAY, LA BAULE.

NOW that the quest for health and recreation tends increasingly to lead people into untried paths, it speaks volumes for certain of the better-known Continental resorts that their popularity advances yearly. Society, for all its butterfly caprices, is, on the whole, conservative at heart, and does not lightly forsake haunts which it has made peculiarly its own. The more credit, you will agree, to the resorts which have compassed their success by a diligent study of the needs of their pleasure-loving but exacting patrons. Thus, whether your idea is simply to amuse yourself, or to combat that stubborn ailment with the healing waters of a thermal station, you will find that all that human ingenuity can devise is at your disposal. There are many places to which I might reasonably apply this statement; but for the present purpose, however, it will be sufficient for me to mention a few representative pleasure resorts and spas of France and Belgium. Granville always strikes me as being a very suitable resort if you wish to draw the happy mean between the *de luxe* and the "popular" holiday ground, for in many ways it contrives very happily to combine just a little of both. It is smart without being ultra-fashionable, animated without relapsing into vulgar hilarity. And, moreover, it is within the means of those who are prepared to pay well, but not too well, for their good time.

The towns, old and new, clamber up the rocks in a series of terraces, on the eastward arm of the Bay of St. Michel, the New Town being the lower, and therefore the nearer to the bright little *plage*. Granville justly prides itself on its bathing, for the sands of its beach are firm and fine—a boon to feet which have had to endure the spiky purgatories of a shingle shore. In the summer this beach of Granville forms a sun-trap, so that the sun-bathing is as popular as the sea-bathing; but, in case you should find the warmth of the sun a little too embarrassing for comfort, there are high cliffs to ease you with their shade.

Granville is only another of those *plages* which take into account that ridiculous sense of irresponsibility that assails one on a Continental holiday, with the result that its Casino is nightly in high favour. Whether you follow the example of all Granville, and flirt with fate, or, again following the example of all Granville, take a partner to dance, you will admit that life is the better for the existence of this Casino. That, of course, is for the night, after you have watched a crowded day of bathing, tennis, and perhaps a round of golf, sink into the flamboyant arms of a Mont St. Michel sunset. The tennis is provided by the seven courts of the Club de la

steamboats, and linked by a bridge and a ferry-service, Trouville and Deauville are two very near neighbours. Both devote themselves to the pleasures of a cosmopolitan world; but, whereas Trouville's appeal is inclined to be more popular, that of Deauville is exquisitely exclusive.

From her elegant promenade of an elegant world, the sybaritic joys of her Pompeian baths, the trim gardens mapped in pink and red geraniums, to her Trianon of a Casino, Deauville provides only the best that society can wish for. Curiously, for all her sophistication, you will detect a rural note in some of

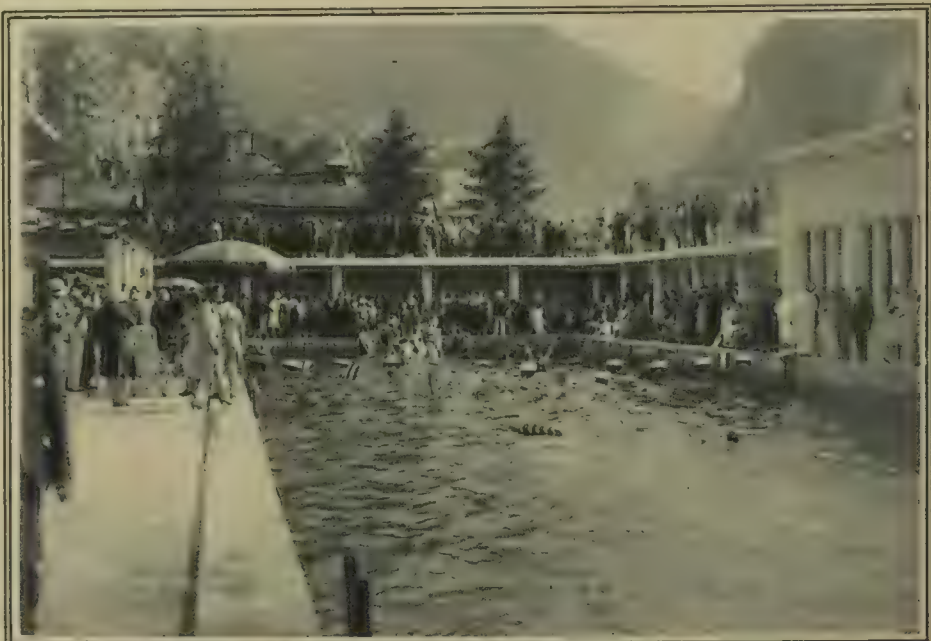
Falaise, while for the golf there is an excellent course here, over eighteen holes.

In season your hotel accommodation should cost you something in the neighbourhood of fifteen shillings a day, *en pension*. There are two principal ways of getting there: by Southampton and Havre, thence by rail *via* Caen, or by sea from Southampton, *via* Jersey. On the sunny shores of Calvados, reached from Havre by a frequent service of

or Clairefontaine attract the pick of the world's stables, and in the crowds that throng the tribunes and paddocks—some of the best-dressed crowds in Europe—may be found almost every well-known figure in international racing. Polo, horse shows, and golf go to pass the heedless hours at Deauville. For golf there are two eighteen-hole and one nine-hole courses. A large sum has been expended in improving the harbour, for Deauville has become important as a yachting centre. Yacht races will take place on June 8, 9, 14, and 15, and July 6 is set for the finish of the Ostend-Deauville yacht race.

The journey to Deauville is most usually made from London *via* Southampton and Havre, though some people prefer the comfort of an Atlantic liner from Southampton to Cherbourg. The return fare (first class) by the former route is £4 11s. 4d.

From Deauville it is something of a contrast to turn to La Baule-les-Pins, on the south coast of Brittany, near St. Nazaire. I have a friendly feeling for this little spot, liking, among other things, the companionable pines and semi-tropical foliage—north meeting south in this sheltered niche on Biscay; the villas, set so enticingly amid the trees; and its peaceful air of tranquillity. I liked, too, the cleanly little station, built by an imaginative railway company



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AT DELIGHTFUL DEAUVILLE: A MERRY PARTY OF BATHERS ON THE FINE BATHING-SANDS.

her institutions, as in the simple thatched roof of the Tennis Club house, or in the timbered villas whose gardens are so brilliant a feature of the Deauville scene. The race-meetings on the courses of La Touques

after the style of a Norman *châlet*. La Baule undoubtedly owes much to the Gulf Stream. Certainly its kindly influences have enabled me to bathe in comfort on days when my friends in less favoured England were writing of grey seas and greyer skies. What is more, the beach here, as you might guess from the presence of pines, forms a golden crescent on the sweeping bay.

Sport plays a considerable part in the life of La Baule. An eighteen-hole course for golf, thirteen courts laid out on the fringe of a pine forest for tennis, a polo ground, racecourse, and ample facilities for duck- and pigeon-shooting contribute largely to the place's popularity. Accommodation offers no difficulty, for there is a wide range of hotels in which you can find comfortable quarters in season from about 15s. to £2 a day, *en pension*, according to grade.

Since the war the Belgian coast has enjoyed an unbounded popularity with English visitors. Ostend, Blankenberghe, Knokke—all have their patrons. Lately, too, Heyst has come well to the fore as a breezy resort with an extensive beach, lined with up-to-date hotels.

It is connected with Ostend by tram, and every other part of the littoral is within easy reach.

Turning aside for a moment from the purely pleasure resort to the watering-place where nowadays

(Continued overleaf.)

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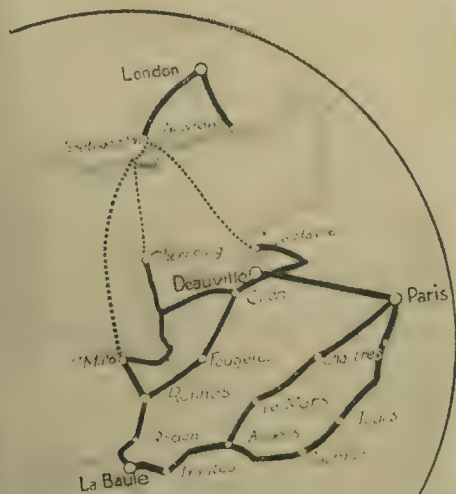
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(Continued.)

the taking of the "cure" has been rendered so agreeable a pastime, the name of Spa suggests itself, and that for several reasons. In the first place, this

are sent to a consumer in England to be used on as many successive days, they would be numbered from one to twenty,

as from a date, say, five to seven days after their despatch from Spa. By the time the twentieth bottle is reached its strength will be that of the first, no loss having occurred in the meanwhile.

Adjoining the bathing establishment

to Brides-les-Bains. I first came upon Brides on a drowsy afternoon of July, on my way by car from Nice to Evian. As I sat sipping my after-lunch coffee, with the song of a fall in my ears, the charm of the little place laid hold upon me. Later, I said, I shall return to Brides-les-Bains.

Since then I have kept my promise, though not, I must confess, sampling the cure. For all that, I have no doubt that, like its pretty neighbour, Salins-Moutiers, it is a rare place in which to grow well. Its waters are used for liver, gastric, and diabetic troubles. Brides-les-Bains may be confidently recommended to anyone in



AMIDST THE MOUNTAIN BEAUTY OF SAVOY: BRIDES-LES-BAINS—A GENERAL VIEW.

famous Belgian town, set so daintily among the quiet woods of the Ardennes, is the oldest thermal centre in the world. Its waters drew forth the admiration of Pliny.

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A highly important attribute of the Spa waters is that, strongly radio-active as they are, they can be so graded as to retain their strength sufficiently to cover an extended course. Thus, if twenty bottles

in the Place Royale is the celebrated Casino. I think it must be an exceptionally profitable concern, this Casino. To listen to its music is an inspiration, to dine or dance there a delight. With the knowledge of its enlivening presence, taking the "cure" ceases to be so much of a banal business. It becomes instead a sociable diversion.

From Spa let us step into France, to the mountain beauty of Savoy. And in this instance



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THE JUBILEE OF THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

FIFTY years have passed since a few enthusiasts, among them Mr. Polydore de Keyser, afterwards Lord Mayor of London, started the Guildhall School of Music in an empty warehouse of the City Lands Committee in Aldermanbury. The parent of the school was an orchestral society supported by City men who loved music and could find no centre of teaching for their children that appealed to their civic pride. So they approached the Corporation and were presented with the warehouse, and they put up wooden partitions to make class-rooms for sixty pupils who assembled in response to the appeal. Music was practised under difficulties. There was no approach to a sound-proof room; there was no instrument, even the human voice, that did not have to strive hard before it could become audible; while the results of this competition for a hearing would have been disheartening to students who lacked enthusiasm.

Happily, in spite of limitations, the school grew by leaps and bounds; in a few years sixty pupils had become six hundred, and the Court of Common Council rose to the height of the occasion with a grant of £25,000 for a new school in which music might be taught properly. Oddly enough, the site in John Carpenter Street, almost opposite the other civic educational endeavour, the City of London School, had housed a school of music in the seventeenth century before it was used for a theatre by the Duke

of York, afterwards James II. Here at last there was scope, and the Guildhall School of Music became a household word among London's citizens, so well supported that the number soon ran into thousands, with fluctuations that might have served as a barometer of business conditions. If times were good, John Citizen gave his boys and girls a musical training; if times were bad, they had to go without it. World-famous artists found their way to John Carpenter Street, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Sybil Thorndike, and Myra Hess among them; and even those who were not destined to achieve success took with them a sound knowledge of what is best in music. During the past fifty years the Guildhall School of Music has trained a hundred and fifty thousand students, so that the cumulative effect upon London's musical taste must be considerable. Since the school in John Carpenter Street was first erected it has been greatly improved by the addition of an attractive theatre, a fine organ, new class-rooms, and a restaurant. In fifty years there have been no more than four principals, in thirty years one secretary, while some of the professors who came to the new home in John Carpenter Street in its opening days are there to-day to take part in the Jubilee celebrations. The most striking figure among them is Mr. Francesco Berger, for many years secretary to the Royal Philharmonic Society. In his ninety-sixth year he is still teaching, still practising in his leisure, while "panting Time toils after him in vain."

The school is spreading its Jubilee celebrations over a couple of months. They opened last week

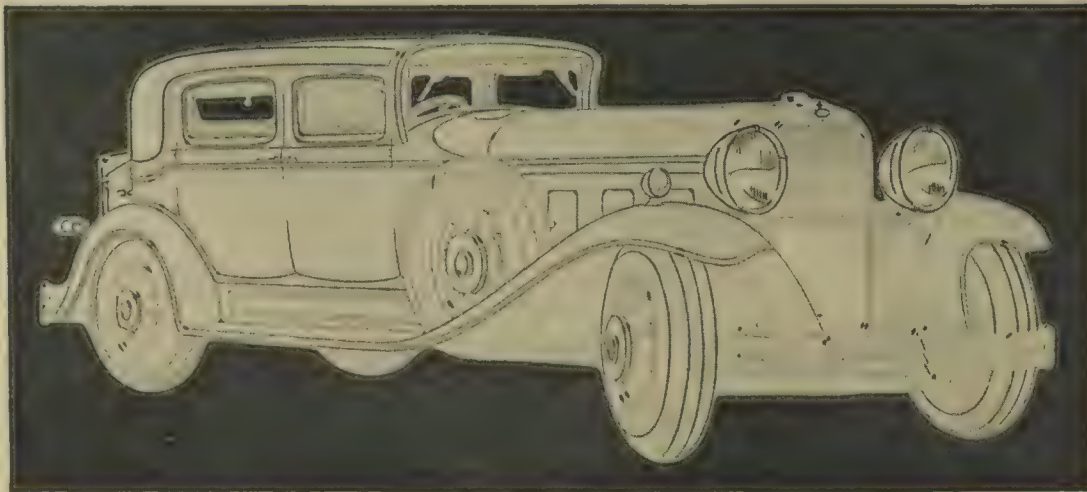
with an orchestral concert at Queen's Hall; past and present pupils and professors took part; the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College sent addresses of congratulation and goodwill. Celebrations continued on the 28th and 29th at the Scala Theatre, where "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was given with Mendelssohn's music. An orchestral concert at the People's Palace and a chamber-music concert at Wigmore Hall will lead to three performances of "The Yeomen of the Guard" in the school theatre. Finally, the City will recognise its offspring at a banquet and a conversazione.

The whole story of the Guildhall School of Music is one of sturdy endeavour in the face of considerable difficulties, and the authorities pride themselves on bringing education to a figure within reach of the lightest purse. The full course is for the few, the single course is for the many; it is possible for the young student to choose a single subject, have a weekly lesson, and pay no more than two pounds a term. City Fathers can look with satisfaction upon their labours; to-day, some musical education is regarded as a necessity in places where it was looked upon as a luxury when the Guildhall School of Music went to John Carpenter Street.

"OTHELLO" AT THE SAVOY.

I REMEMBER with infinite pleasure Mr. F. J. Nettlefold's production of "Othello" at the Scala some ten years ago. True, neither the Othello nor the Desdemona meant very much, but I shall never forget the Emilia (though I have, alas! forgotten the actress's name), the Cassio (here again the player's name escapes me), nor the Iago. Here memory triumphs, and Mr. H. A. Saintsbury secures well-merited recognition. I fear Mr. Maurice Browne's production of this play will not live in my memory after ten years. It has little to recommend it. It is, for so expensive a production, poorly acted, while Mr. James Pryde's scenery, beautiful enough as a work of art, appeared to need such peculiar lighting that the actors' faces were perpetually obscured. Why, too, was the stage divided into two parts by a flight of steps? The idea, presumably, was to get the effect of an "apron stage," but surely it could have been obtained at less trouble. It was, for instance, ridiculous for Desdemona's attendants in the bed-chamber scene to pick up her dressing-table and chair and sedately remove them to a lower landing, where she could prepare for slumber while the scene-shifters were making ready her sleeping chamber above. Mr. Paul Robeson was never Shakespeare's "Noble Moor," and Mr. George Sheringham's costumes failed to lend dignity to his naturally majestic figure. But in the final scenes he gave a performance of immense power. In this, however, he was materially aided by the exquisite delicacy of Miss Peggy Ashcroft's Desdemona. Mr. Maurice Browne's Iago was far from good. There was no consistency in his characterisation, while restlessness marred whatever points he might have made. Miss Sybil Thorndike was an excellent Emilia, but on the whole the acting was not as perfect as one had a right to expect.

The urgent needs of our hospitals are only too well known to each of us. Every day, in London hospitals alone, 12,000 patients occupy beds, whilst daily treatment is given to 20,000 out-patients. This wonderful work badly needs financial help. The Hospital Sunday Fund, which has already distributed £3,371,791, is making its 58th annual appeal on Sunday, June 1. No Fund can be more deserving of support; it provides 10 per cent. of the charitable income of 250 hospitals, dispensaries, convalescent homes and nursing associations. Every item of the Hospital Sunday Fund's expenditure is scrutinised by its Distribution Committee. The average percentage of working expenses since its establishment in 1873 is less than 4 per cent. Send your gift now to the Lord Mayor, Mansion House, London, E.C.4.



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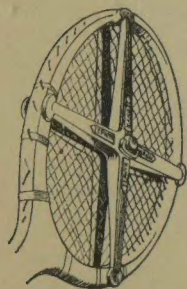
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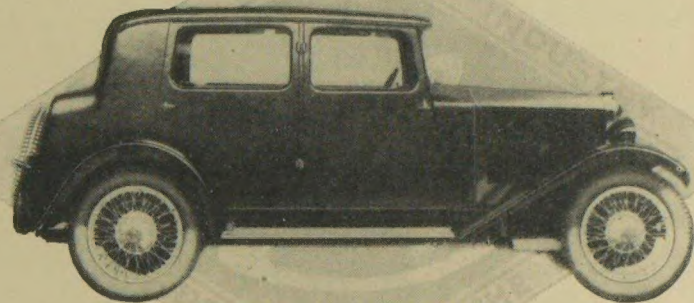
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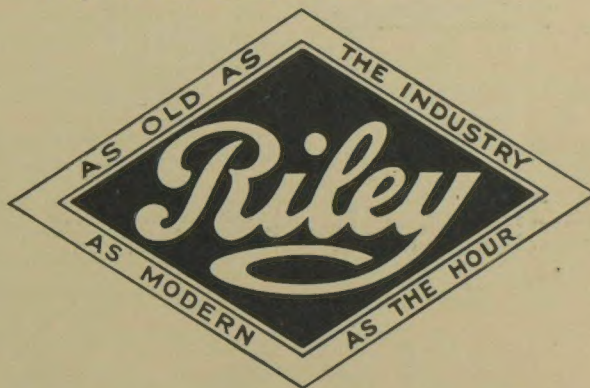
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THE ART OF DINING.

By JESSIE J. WILLIAMS, M.C.A.

THIS year, when the festival of Whitsuntide falls in the month of the roses, it is to be hoped that the Clerk of the Weather will play no familiar quick-change tricks, but that holiday prospects will be as rosy as they promise to be, and that outdoor life will be enjoyed to the full.

Change of menu is as important at this time of year as change of air, and we should make the most of all the good things that June brings into the market. First among these is asparagus, now plentiful and cheap. Until quite a few years ago, the only method of cooking asparagus, in the English household at least, was to boil it. While this process is unquestionably excellent, other delicious methods are to be recommended.

ASPARAGUS OMELET.

Try asparagus in an omelet as follows, it is an ideal luncheon dish. Cut the tender parts of a bundle of asparagus into inch lengths and let them simmer in salted water until cooked. In another saucepan melt three ounces of butter and in it cook three ounces of flour; add a seasoning of salt and black pepper and about half a pint of stock. Stir until it boils, and then beat in a piece of fresh butter and add the cooked asparagus. Make a four-egg omelet in the usual way, and when sufficiently "set" put some of the asparagus and sauce on one half of the omelet and fold the other over. The remainder of the asparagus may be sent to table in a separate dish as an accompaniment.

Asparagus cream soup is easy to make and forms a welcome change as a dinner soup, whilst as a salad

cold cooked asparagus served with French dressing has few equals.

WHITSUNTIDE GOOSEBERRIES.

"On Whit-Sunday serve roast lamb and gooseberry pudding" is an old food tradition that belongs to

a little spinach colouring; then add a little grated lemon rind and a few plain cake or biscuit crumbs to give a little body to the mixture. Put the mixture in a dish, heap the white of egg whisked stiffly on top, and put into a slow oven to set and brown lightly. When cold, serve with individual junkets set in glasses.

SUMMER CAKES AND BEVERAGES.

Let there be a change in the kind of cakes served for afternoon tea, giving preference now to sponges and lighter cakes over those that make their appearance in winter time. Orange-cake is excellent now, made by putting five ounces of castor-sugar into a basin and grating the rind of an orange over it. Rub the two together with the finger-tips. Now add three eggs to the orange sugar and whisk until smooth and creamy. Add six ounces of flour with which has been sifted a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Pour the mixture into a tin that has been greased and dusted with flour, and bake in a quick oven.

Among refreshing summer drinks cherry punch is ideal. It is made by stoning a pound of cherries and mashing the fruit well. Put it into a bowl with the juice of three lemons and two oranges, and a slice or two of pineapple. Cook them with castor-sugar—about a pound—and let the mixture stand for an hour; then press it through a sieve. Heat up the strained juice, and when it has become quite cold again add two bottles of soda-water, a bottle of claret, a sliced banana, and a few ripe cherries cut into neat halves. Serving summer drinks icy cold is an easy matter where a gas-operated refrigerator is part of the kitchen equipment.



AT THE EXHIBITION COMMEMORATING THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF MARIA THERESA, QUEEN OF HUNGARY AND BOHEMIA, AND WIFE OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPEROR FRANCIS I.: THE IMPERIAL TABLE AS SHOWN AT SCHÖNBRUNN.

There was recently opened at Schönbrunn, the royal residence near Vienna, an exhibition commemorating the 150th anniversary of the death of the Empress Maria Theresa (1717-1780), Archduchess of Austria, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, and wife of the Holy Roman Emperor Francis I.

the Midlands. For the pudding, gooseberry meringue with junket is a highly appreciated substitute. To make it, cook a pint of green gooseberries with sugar—no water—and then rub them through the sieve. Add the yolk of an egg, a pat of butter, and—if liked—

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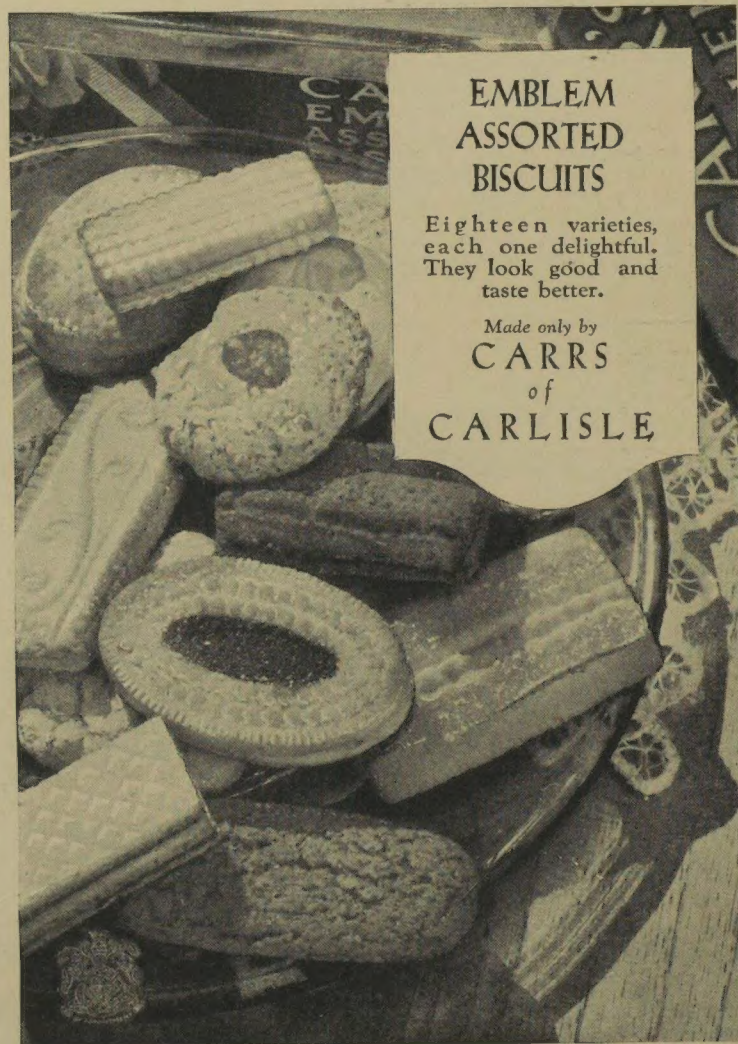
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